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THE HOOP POLE

1911



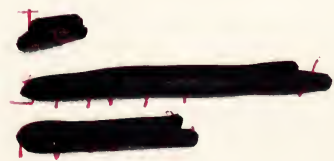
INDIANA COLLECTION



THE HOOP POLE

Published by the Senior Class of the Mt. Vernon, Indiana
Senior High School, 1917

SIXTH ANNUAL PUBLICATION



51

SEP 25 '79

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DEDICATION

To Prof. Chester E. Sandefur, our faithful friend, councilor, teacher, and Principal, this number of "The Hoop Pole" is affectionately and gratefully dedicated by the Class of Nineteen Hundred Seventeen.

BOARD of EDUCATION



2058397

Chas. T. Johnson, President.



Herman Rosenbaum, Secretary.



Rev. Paul Press, Treasurer.

Here is the Court of last appeal. They have never failed us yet and we appreciate all they have done for us.



E. J. Llewelyn, A. M., Superintendent City Public Schools.

Qualifications:

A. B. Degree, Earlham College, 1907.

A. M. Degree, Indiana University, 1910.

Graduate Student Columbia and Harvard Universities.

We have learned in our four years the characteristics of the Welsh combined with a determined chin. Not content with this he must add to his nativity the Great Roman's nomen; and, like him, knows us all by name and by deeds, too.

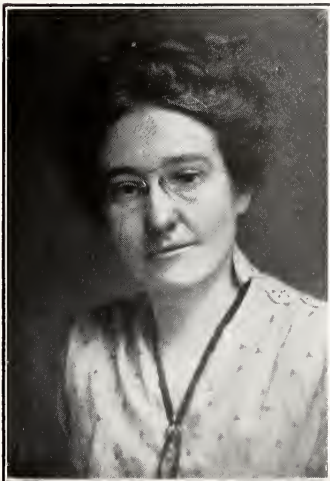
FACULTY



C. E. Sandefur, Principal, History and Civics.

A. B. Degree, Franklin College, 1911.
("Magna cum laude".)

Blue eyes and curly hair always insure good humor and a pleasant disposition. We never fear to go to him with our troubles and "excuses".



Mary E. Smith, English and Literature.

Graduate Indiana State Normal School, 1909.
Student, Indiana University and Chicago University.

Her ancestors lived in Old Virginia. She does not possess all the traits of her renowned ancestor, the great Captain, but, like him, she believes "that he who will not work shall not eat". She herself works and works us.



Louis B. Stinnett, Science and History.

Student Indiana University and Chicago University.

Stinnett is a French name but when we think of him we usually think of a certain Roman citizen. His field of learning is wide and the elements are his sphere.



Caroline I. Hirschy, German.

A. B. Degree, Indiana University, 1913.
("Magna cum laude".)

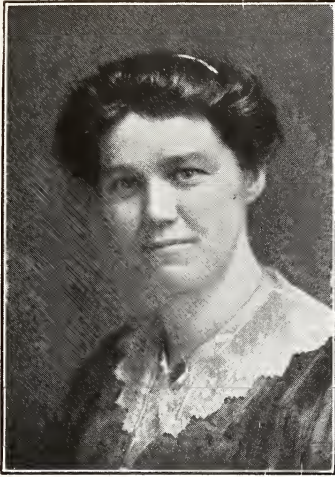
A sweet namesake of a sweet. If Argus has a feminine counterpart she is she, for we believe she has eyes in the back of her head.



Irma Shordon, Latin and English.

A. B. Degree, Indiana University, 1915.

A blue-eyed blonde rules the world. She is mistress of the dead language but not the dummies.



Sara R. Malone, Commercial Branches.

Graduate Geneseo (N. Y.) State Normal School,
1901.

Graduate Rochester Business Institute, 1915.

We are glad she did not cling to old Erin but
we wish she'd cling to M. V. H. S. But the per-
son of worth never stands still.



F. E. Allen, Mathematics and Athletic Coach.

A. B. Degree, Indiana University, 1916.

He has taken us all in with his fascinating
grin. His name is Emerson but he does not try
to philosophize with us. He is on the "square".



**William Maurer, German, English and Public
Speaking.**

A. B. Degree, Indiana University, 1916.
("Magna cum laude".)

He is an alumnus of M. V. H. S. himself. He
was already noted for his ability in dramatics
before he returned to join our faculty. He
makes chalk talks of all his lectures in the Ger-
man classes.



May Dorsey, Music and Drawing.

Graduate Southern Illinois Normal School,
Carbondale, Illinois.
Graduate Indianapolis Conservatory of Music,
1913.

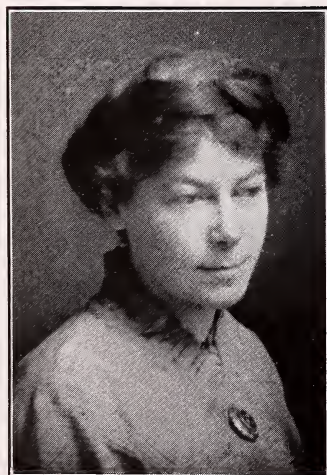
She can wield her baton and paint brush with
equal fervor. She holds us all with vocal
chords.



**J. Guy Heimburger, Manual Training and Me-
chanical Drawing.**

A. B. Degree, DePauw University, 1912.
Special Student Indiana State Normal School
(Mechanical Arts.)

He is gifted in many ways for he manages
well all kinds of tools, as well as his voice, a
drum, a trombone, and a wife.



Dora Prenzel, Domestic Science.

Student Indiana State Normal School and Uni-
versity of Chicago.

She wields her scissors well but she never
cuts the threads of friendship. To the girls all
her words sound sweet except these two—rip
and baste.



Georgia Lee French, Household Arts.

Graduate Thomas Training School, Detroit,
Mich., 1916.

She sometimes "roasts" us when she grades.
She would make someone a good wife for she
knows more about cooking than we can learn.



Helen C. Hironimus, Office Clerk.

Graduate Commercial Department, 1916.
Student Lockyear's Business College.

She is our representative at Court, for she
was in our place only last year.

NOTE:—

Chas. A. Kuttler, A. B. Degree, DePauw University, 1916, was teacher of Mathematics and Athletic Coach to Feb. 23, 1917. Due to the fact that his photograph could not be secured, his print does not appear above with the Faculty.



SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL.

THE CLASS OF '17.

Down in the "Pocket"
Where flows the O-hi-o;
No brighter "huckleberries"
Or sweeter "peaches" grow,
Than the **Class of '17!**

In the town of Mt. Vernon,
On the banks of the stream;
No smarter bunch has gathered,
No matter what they seem,
Than the **Class of '17!**

In the Senior High School
Of that fair Mt. Vernon town
No finer class has finished,
Though you seek them up and down,
Than the **Class of '17!**

Then here's to our school days,
Ever dear to me and you!
And here's to the teachers
Who have brought us safely through!
And here's to the **Class of '17!**

And here's to our Annual!
The best without a doubt;
And here's to Miss Mary
Who helped us to get it out!
For the **Class of '17!**

—ANNE FULLINWIDER.

FOREWORD.

We herewith present to you Our Annual. We have sincerely endeavored to make it better than any Annual ever published, or yet to be published. We hope we have succeeded. We have tried to use as many new ideas and as few old ones as possible. We have attempted several innovations and leave you to judge of their success. We acknowledge our obligations to the Business Staff and to all who have helped us in the publication of this, Our Annual, which we give to you, hoping that you may enjoy it as much as we have.



EDITORIAL STAFF.

Miss Smith Head of English Department
 William R. Ruminer Editor-in-Chief

Assistants.

Nell York	Literary Editor
William W. Ridenour	Joke Editor
Albert Kaufman	Athletics
Allan Coker	Manual Training
Dorothy Johnson, Stella Pfister	Household Arts
Margaret Doerr, Mary Louise Black	Prophetesses
Rachel Harlem, Jessie Weir	Historians
Anne Fullinwider	Poet
Ruth Dexheimer	Music
Ruth Schultheis	Art
Roscoe Bayer	Public Speaking
Mildred Prenzel	Alumni
Norma Wade	Attorney
Myrtle Green, Nellie Sun, Anna Frailey, Mary Ludlow	Typists



BUSINESS STAFF.

Mr. SandefurPrincipal
 Mary StinsonBusiness Manager

Assistants.

Tim Crunk
 Anna Alles
 Gertrude Luebbermann
 Henry Rethwisch
 Gladys Rosenbaum
 Margaret Holton
 Allen Green

SENIORS



Class Officers.

William Ruminer	President
Anna Alles	Vice-President
Margaret Doerr	Secretary
Mary Stinson	Treasurer

Motto—Not Finished, Just Begun.

Class Flower—Ward Rose.

Class Colors—Purple and Gold.



Lena Alexander.

"Alex".

Lena is a very cheerful and pleasant girl, having a smile for everyone at all times. She aspires to be a trained nurse and we know she will captivate the hearts of all her patients.



Anna Alles.

Vice-President of Class; Secretary of Athletic Board of Control; Glee Club; Annual Staff.

Anna is Louis' sister. We love her not only for her brother's sake but for her own. We wonder whether she is as angelic as her face indicates but we have heard that at times she belies her appearance.



Jamia Bailey.

"Jamie" Business Staff.

Jamia is a quiet (?) girl but sweet nevertheless. She has a clear olive complexion and is very attractive and popular, too. She is a true American, surely counting among her ancestors some of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.



Morris Barrett.

"Doc". Orchestra.

Morris is a "good looker" as anyone can see. He also fiddled in the orchestra for all he was worth, which was a great deal. He is one of the students who finished at Christmas and we are very proud of him. "Doc" has undeveloped talent in athletics. This manifested itself during the first week of football practice.



Roscoe Bayer.

Annual Staff; Oratory and Debating; Class Play.

Roscoe has good looking brown eyes and eye-lashes that all the girls envy. He is little but mighty, especially in oratory and debating. He doubled ably in "The Imaginary Sick Man".



Mary Louise Black.

Glee Club; Basketball; Annual Staff.

This is another one of the pretty girls of which the class is so proud. She has a blithe and sunny disposition and is liked by everyone, by one person especially, but we won't say anything more about that.



Aloise Blockley.

Aloise is the brilliant butterfly of the class. She is inclined to be a typist and is rather quiet but popular with the masculine sex.



Dewey Byrd.

Look! Look! His hair stands on end. You can't tell he is moving but he gets there just the same. Dewey's pompadour and his good natured grin are his own.



Eunice Caborn.

"Chuckles".

Eunice is a jolly, good-natured girl. She has a keen sense of humor and enjoys a good giggle every once in a while.



Allan B. Coker.

Annual Staff; Class Play.

Allan isn't much of a ladies' man but that is no fault of the girls. They are just minor electives to him. He is a real hustling Senior.



Tim D. Crunk.

"Tim". Orchestra; Business Staff.

Tim is one of our "fastest" Seniors who, with his handsome face and musical talent, captivates the hearts of the ladies but in return is captivated by only one.



William H. Dausman.

"Bill". Football '16.

Bill is the able leader of the Boys' Outdoor Glee Club and declares himself against the State Prohibition Act. He has had some disappointments but you'd never know it.



Ruth U. Dexheimer.

Ruth U. Dexheimer.

"Dutch". Glee Club; Annual Staff.

Ruth is as merry as the day is long. All have to be jolly when she is around. To see her expression you would think she is in clover (perhaps we mean Timothy) but don't call her "Dexie".



Margaret Doerr.

Margaret Doerr.

Annual Staff; Class Secretary; Basketball.

Margaret has set the record for the highest number of credits. She is always here when it comes to work, nevertheless she enjoys fun and frolic and is a lover of basketball. She will attend the University of Wisconsin next year.



Emily Duncan.

Emily Duncan.

Glee Club.

An unassuming girl who made her four years' work with us count for much. We are sure that her work at the Normal was equally successful.



Arthur G. Ehrhardt.

Arthur G. Ehrhardt.

Class Play.

Arthur joined our class in 1915. He is a good student and lives up to his name which means noble and stern in honor. We did not know he was so good looking until the night of the Senior play.



Edward Esche.

Debating.

Edward expects to be a teacher. He was graduated at the mid-year and took training at the Normal. During the whole of his High School course he exhibited a fondness for red Windsor ties.



Anna Frailey.

Annual Staff.

I am a girl, therefore I can say "Because" if I choose. Anna has a soft voice and a sunny disposition. Her interests are not all in High School.



Lloyd French.

"Frenchie".

Lloyd finished at mid-year and returned to the simple life of a country gentleman. Though he had his troubles he came out with colors flying.



Elfreda L. Frick.

"Fredie".

She is a quiet sort of a girl and though reserved she has proved a loyal and true friend to all who know her.



Anne V. Fullinwider.
Glee Club; Class Poet.

A sedate young lady, who is not inclined to be very frivolous. She has the peculiar knack of starring in almost everything she takes up, and she takes up many things. Watch for her signature throughout the Annual.



Allen Green.
Quadrangle Representative in Elocution '17;
Business Staff; Class Play.

Allen is one of the smallest boys in the class. He has some real brown eyes and made an ardent lover in the Senior play. Through his ability and application to his studies he finished his course in three years.



Myrtle May Green.

The girl with an Irish name. We really did not know what Myrtle could do until she disclosed it to us in Shorthand. Hurrah for Ireland and Myrtle!



Rachel Harlem.
Class Play; Basketball; Glee Club; Annual Staff.

As tiny as a midget, as sweet as a wild flower; you'd think her a "Freshie" at sight and within hearing, but get into one of her classes and you'll find out. She will attend Smith College next year.



Herdis G. Helmuth.
Class Play; Orchestra.

As Cleante in the Senior play Herdis made quite a hit. He is a talented musician and plays the violin wonderfully well. He also smiles and smiles.



Margaret C. Holton.
Business Staff.

Margaret's sweet pouting lips are the envy of her girl friends and the distraction of her boy friends.



Dorothy Johnson.
"Dot". Senior Play; Annual Staff.

Dorothy is one of our most girlish looking Seniors who delights in her friends and is the delight of her friends. She made a sweet looking wife and step-mother in the Senior play. She will attend school this summer.



Albert Kaufman.
Track '15, '16, '17; Annual Staff.

An energetic young man who is always up and doing, not a bit afraid of work. He is always willing to help (you'd never find this out from him but just ask the Faculty).



Mary Kuhn.

"Coony". Glee Club; Senior Play.

An earnest, quiet girl, big hearted and well liked by all who know her. As Toinette in the Senior play she proved a big success.



Mary Ina Ludlow.

Glee Club; Annual Staff.

Mary is unpretentious and studious and the most likable girl one would care to know. Her brown curls are envied by all the girls. She has centered her affections somewhere in the country.



Gertrude Luebberrmann.

Elocution Alternate; Glee Club; Business Staff; Basketball.

There is always something doing when Gertrude is around for she is just bubbling over with fun. She is not as serious as she looks and is always busy for she did four years work in three years.



Mae Moore.

Mae is a very studious girl and shows her ability in Shorthand. We know she is a girl of the twentieth century since we saw the spring hat she made in Millinery class.



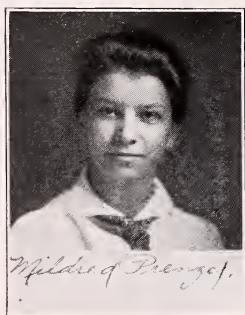
Mary Morelock.

Mary is a conscientious girl and doesn't shirk work. She is a jolly, good chum and will have many friends wherever she goes.



Stella Pfister.

Stella is always in for the best time obtainable and is full of pranks which are enjoyed by everyone, especially by the Faculty. Don't judge her by her voice and shy droop of her head, but look into her eyes and then you'll know what few suspect.



Mildred Prenzel.

"Millie". Annual Staff.

She is another one of our quiet girls who showed very little enthusiasm but managed to get a great deal out of her High School course.



Arnolus Reedle.

"Toad". Football '16; Basketball.

We can remember when Toad wore short pants and was a real "Freshie", but since he donned those long trousers he might well be called a ladies' man, as he is quite popular with the girls.



Henry C. Rethwisch.

"Heine". Business Staff; Capt. Football '16;
Track '17; Debating.

Small but mighty; what he lacks in height he makes up in "pep". We almost lost Heine but his interests in M. V. H. S. were too strong. "Let's hear the lion roar!"



Beulah Rhodes.

She cannot check her girlish blush, her color comes and goes. Beulah can always be found quietly doing her duty.



William W. Ridenour.

"Bill". Track '16, Capt. Track '17; Debating '16, '17; Football '16; Elocution '16; Class Play; Annual Staff.

Bill is a good natured, jolly fellow with a joke always on the end of his tongue. He is our joke editor as you will see, and he makes a good one. His records in debating and elocution show that he can work when he chooses.



Lorena L. Roeder.

Nothing we could say about Lorena could do her justice. She is a girl who believes in work, likes to work, and would work all the time if someone didn't keep her from it. We know she will be successful in anything she undertakes.



Gladys K. Rosenbaum.

Business Staff.

Gladys is a girl who is always doing something. Her favorite flower is the class flower. She expects to leave us as soon as school closes.



William R. Ruminer.

"Bill". Class President; Editor-in-chief of Annual; Basketball '16; Track '16, '17; Football '16; Orchestra; Debating '17; Class Play; Athletic Board of Control.

Bill has succeeded in making most of his class realize that he "is" and is pretty important at that. His presence is indeed awe inspiring!



Ruth Schultheis.

Annual Staff.

A very capable girl with great artistic ability. She is fair of face, blue of eye, and her disposition is as sunny as her hair.



Nellie Son.

Debating.

Nellie (her real name is Elnora) has the reputation of being the brightest girl in school. She is very fond of athletics and when she gets to college is going to try out for everything from hoop-rolling to pole vaulting. We're for you, Nellie!



Mary G. Stinson.

Glee Club; Class Treasurer; Manager of the Business Staff; Senior Play.

"Angelique" was the softest voiced actress of the Senior play. We wonder whether she ever shrieks discordantly but we feel rather sure that the smile and the sweet voice endure forever.



Norma Wade.

"Spadie". Glee Club.

An attractive girl who is fond of dancing; also the star decoration of the class. She is so patriotic that she would go into the field as a sergeant's guard.



James Walker.

"Jim".

Jim believes in hard work both in and out of school. He goes about in a quiet way and never bothers about the girls.



Myra Walker.

Myra's name (it means one who weeps or laments) belies her nature for she has a smile for all.



Jessie Weir.

"Tethy". Annual Staff.

Jessie has made us all love her. She is a real Senior and can tickle the ragtime out of a piano. Her hair is both curly and auburn.



Bertha Welborn.

Bertha would have us believe that she is not good-natured, but we have learned to know that her frown and pout are not expressive of her nature.



Helen Williams.

Her lovely hair and expressive eyes are the envy of all her associates. She is very quiet until you know her, and even then she doesn't say much.



Nell Lee York.

"Didimus". Annual Staff.

Nell is last on the list but not least in our hearts. No wonder she smiles for she has such pretty dimples. She will attend school this summer.



"NOT FINISHED; JUST BEGUN."

**"THE WAIL OF THE LONESOME FRESHIE."
Or Memories of Our Early Youth.**

We Freshies, on a nice fall day,
Shouldered our books and marched away
As in and out there seemed to flit,
A brand new thought that we were "It."
The clock ticked on around to nine
We formed an awkward, gawky line.
We climbed the stairway, steep and long,
And found that we were fifty strong.
While it was new as new could be
The faculty came with sympathy.
And as they met us in each class
They signed the lessons thick and fast,
And sent us home to dig them out
And get them right without a doubt,
Upon our brows it seemed ther grew
A dozen frowns and wrinkles too.
That Latin hard as it could be
Was longer than Eternity.
But oh! that German beat the band
And made our hair on ends to stand.
Then came that English, mercy me!
Where we must always proper be,
And not say, "I have saw" nor, "ain't."
My! High School seemed so queer and quaint.
They then wrote out a lot of rules,
The way they do in all the schools.
"Don't talk when in the assembly room,"
Or if you do you'll hear your doom.
"Don't giggle" and "don't pop your heels,"
"To the history room to eat your meals."
"If you are out for a friendly walk
Don't stop on corners for a talk."
But walk just half-way down the square
There's nothing said about talking there.
Still while we were Freshies full in sight
Among us many jewels sparkled bright.
And while there always were a few
Who showed that awful emerald hue,
You've found by waiting long enough
The rest were diamonds in the rough.

EUNICE CABORN.

CLASS POEM

In memory's golden casket
We will place our jewels rare,
Precious thoughts of happy schooldays
Fraught with gladness, void of care.

The delicate blue of friendship
Is the turquoise of azure hue;
The precious friendships of childhood
Are jewels pure and true.

The ruby of love has also
In our lovely casket been placed;
Glowing and warm like the pure love
That our childhood and youth have graced.

And the emerald green of endeavor—
Ah, who can its worth ever gauge!
As this gem has served us in childhood,
May its luster endure through old age.

The topaz of hope bright and golden,
That ever before us has shone,
Sheds its bright rays among our fair jewels,
More precious than ever were known.

The pearls of pure thoughts we will cherish,
Strung securely on youth's golden thread;
No jewels can e'er be more precious,
Whatever the path we may tread.

Let us trust that our aspirations,
In whatever field they are found,
Our ideals and faithful endeavor,
With the diamond success may be crowned.

Oh memories, treasured and dearer
Than all the bright jewels that glow!
When we open our wonderful casket
At some future time, may we know.

That the jewels of hope and of friendship,
Of success, and of love that has brimmed
Our cup o'er—of pure thoughts and endeavor,
Of them all, not a jewel has dimmed.

ANNE FULLINWIDER.

CLASS SONG

We're leaving you M. V. H. S.
Out to make our lives a success.
We'll unfurl as of old
Our grand purple and gold
For we love you dear M. V. H. S.
We are happy as Seniors, 'tis true,
Though we may bye and bye yearn for you.
We have the most famous standing,
We're on the top-most landing
Through you, dear M. V. H. S.

CHORUS

Fling out our dear class flag of purple and gold,
We'll let it wave with red, white and blue, so bold.
And let our motto stand
The best in the land
It's our helping hand,
To win our high school fame,
Was to swim or to sink
We're now a chain held fast
By fifty-two links.
We'll say farewell to every friend we knew
And again M. V. H. S., to you.

Good-bye dear old M. V. H. S.,
We wish Juniors and Sophomores success.
To you Freshies we'll say
You may be proud to be
High school Seniors yourself someday,
We're loyal to each teacher's helping hand
And superintendent who leads our fearless band
We have the most famous standing,
We're on the top-most landing
Through you, dear M. V. H. S.

RUTH DEXHEIMER

CLASS HISTORY

History deals very largely with the civilization and achievements of the people of the class of 1917. The origins of the Seniors' civilization are to be sought in the grade schools of Posey County, Indiana, mostly Mt. Vernon. This ancient civilization, however, continued to develop only when transplanted to High School. Modern civilization with its talent, its beauty, its strength, its dignity—is preeminently the creation of High School.

The information concerning the past is all derived from the present Seniors' good memories.

Twelve years ago everyone believed that the first grade of that time was undoubtedly the most precocious of all first grades. Time and other first grades have not changed this opinion. About the middle of 1905 began a series of developments. From simple, baby language, the most wonderful language came. One was certain her rabbit was the very largest—indeed it was as large as the whole world. That mind—far from narrow—surely will make its owner great.

Step by step the "brightest class ever" climbed. Several showed an artist's skill in painting. You could actually tell that the little, round white spot on the rabbit was its tail. Even at that early time the varied tastes foreshadowed coming thing. Some of the girls could make leaf houses much better than others. Some of the boys could use the same leaves but could draw a much deeper puff from them and make much more of a certain white, filmy substance than others. This skill has developed with time.

Other great advances were made in the Main Street School. Indeed the great art, the *tete-a-tete*, was learned there, with such trivial things as Geography, Arithmetic, History, English, and Physiology.

By conquest and diplomacy the famous class succeeded in entering the great High School. The civilization was advanced another step. These Freshmen were quite important in High School affairs. Why not? Were they not the most celebrated class of all time? New arts were learned. Mathematics, English, Science, Languages, History, and the special subjects. Of course these advanced subjects needed helpers; so bluffing and skin-through-itiveness were learned. In spite of many obstacles the Freshman stage was passed.

Civilization advanced yet another step and the heroes and heroines became Sophomores. Their importance rose. New talents became evident. Courage was heightened and as a result, deportment grades were lowered.

For the year 1916 all recognized the Juniors as superior beings. All extraordinary work done was done by them. Yes, why they were more versed in slang than even the Seniors of '16.

At last the highest point of civilization was reached—the class from which the most was expected and received, had reached its Senior year. Each member acquired a new dignity. More talents were displayed. In truth this class of '17 became a prodigy of prodigies—was proclaimed the wielders of the sceptre of civilization.

Four of the promoters of civilization showed their marvelous musical ability in the High School orchestra. Surely even Beethoven was surpassed by them, and the Glee Club will be sadly lacking next year, as its Jennie Lind's and Patti's will no longer be with it.

Demosthenes would indeed, be proud of those members of '17 who took up different branches of his art, and the Greek dramatists, of course, applauded the extraordinary skill displayed in the Class Play.

The partakers of the Greek art of athletics from '17's class all proved stars; girls and boys alike.

To give further proof of the superiority of this famed class, even three of the underclassmen by increasing their efforts, joined us and two from distant parts immigrated, to be counted among these heroes and heroines.

Though this class possessed such magnetism as to draw others into its fold; yet it did not lack patriotism, but valiantly gave up one of its members to the militia. This soldier boy is of course missed by '17, but the class is very proud of him.

During the last century of our progress a harassing plague visited us, attacking two of our beloved members. Though one of this class, by great knowledge of the art of medicine, was awarded a medal in one of the earlier years for her treatise on this plague, nevertheless, the horror was not averted.

The wonderful gifts to civilization made by this class will never be fully appreciated—they are so exceedingly great. But they must exert their influence in other spheres now. As the class of '17 leaves the beloved High School, those left will be grieving, and those leaving perhaps will also join them in their grief, though for a different cause. Of this we are assured, no one will disregard its wondrous works.

RACHEL HARLEM.
JESSIE WEIR.

PROPHECY

"Well, well, well! Just to think that we should meet again after twelve long years." It was Roscoe Bayer, the great South American rubber magnate, who spoke these words as he leaned back in his cushioned office chair. "It certainly does my heart good to see you, Bill. Tell me all about yourself. I've often wondered what became of you."

"What?" ejaculated Wm. Ruminer, "is it possible that you haven't heard of me? But then (this was said with a deep sigh) perhaps you South Americans have no interest in famous personages of the musical world so I will have to tell you. After I graduated I took up my trombone practice in earnest and finally went on a concert tour but people didn't seem to appreciate my playing so I went to Europe. Here they were going wild over a certain violinist and I received no recognition. In desperation I went to Africa and unexpectedly found the land of my desires. I'll tell you these Africans can appreciate good music. No violins, cornets, flutes in theirs! How I was feasted and entertained!"

"How did you happen to leave Africa?" asked Roscoe.

"Well, I longed for other lands and new fame so I decided to leave. It was hard to break away; some chiefs even offered me their daughters in marriage if I would only stay but I couldn't."

"We have both been successful at last. I wonder if all the members of our class are living happily."

"Yes," said Bill, "I often think of the old days at M. V. H. S. and wonder what happened to our classmates. They must be scattered all over the world by this time, although I've never met any in Africa."

Just then Mr. Bayer's secretary came in with some letters to be signed so Roscoe took up his pen and Bill settled down with the newspaper. There was nothing but the occasional rustle of papers for some time, then Bill jumped up exclaiming "Hey, Roscoe, look here!" and pointed to the following ad in the "Rio de Janiero Daily."

M ? ? ? ? ? M
We Can Answer All
The Questions For Which You Call
CHARACTERISTICS TOLD.
View in the Magic Mirror The
Present Occupation of Any Friend
1917 West Palm Avenue.

"Let's go and find out just what has become of all the members of the class of 1917."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Roscoe, "but first let us dine, then we will be prepared to enjoy the evening recalling old friends."

About an hour later the two men arrived at the place where the advertisement had directed them. They were conducted to a large room where there sat two witches, one bending over a large book and the other standing before a large mirror. Both were heavily veiled. As the men entered they turned and one of them asked in a low voice what they wanted.

"We would like to know the characteristics and present occupations of all our old classmates," exclaimed William.

"You have only to name them," answered the witch softly, "we will do the rest."

Abashed at first by the strange and mysterious surroundings, the two were unable to name a classmate but in a few minutes Bill stammered out "Let's hear about Gertrude Luebberrmann."

Without a word one of the witches opened the large book, scanned its pages then read this: "She was born on Dec. 11 under the sign Sagittarius, or the Archer. This sign gives to her a love of variety, especially a variety of opinion. Because of this she is often lead into foolish arguments. It is seldom that persons born in this sign marry, or if they do marry, it is late in life."

The droning voice of the seeress stopped and her sister, stepping forward, said:

"Now look into this magic mirror tall
And see the things that did befall
Unto your classmates, one and all."

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She drew back the velvet curtain and for a moment all was hazy, then things began to take shape and there appeared a large room which both men recognized as the U. S. Senate chamber. In the speaker's place stood Gertrude, gesticulating violently. This view remained a moment then again all was blurred.

"Wonderful!" said Roscoe, "that takes one right back to old M. V. H. S. for she certainly was an arguer there. I'd like to see Allan Coker."

"Born March 28, under the sign of Aries, or the Ram. Astrologers say he is thoughtful and studious, conscientious and faithful to duty, kind but very obstinate in holding to his own opinions and very economical."

In the mirror there appeared a hand moving like lightning and leaving a trail of shorthand notes. Quickly the picture changed and Allan was seen standing before a large and interested class.

"Well, so he became a shorthand teacher. He always was a shark at that," said Roscoe.

"Yes, you're right about that," answered Bill, "but let's find out about Stella Pfister."

"Born on August 20, under sign of Leo, or the Lion. Her characteristics are wit, optimism, and an observant but not naturally studious mind. It has often proved true that persons born under this sign become rich through legacies, or marriage."

"What's this in the mirror? It looks like an automobile stopping." Both Bill and Roscoe leaned forward and sure enough it was a big limousine. The door of the car opened and a young lady, richly clad in furs stepped out. She smiled, then entered a marble mansion and the picture faded.

"That was Stella all right," laughed Roscoe, "didn't you see that smile and those twinkling eyes?"

"Yes, that was Stella. I wonder if she married or inherited her wealth?"

"No doubt she married it. Let's hear of Herdis Helmuth."

"Bah!" growled Ruminer. "Why ask of him. I can tell you what he did. He—"

"Herdis Helmuth," interrupted the witch, reading from her book, "was born November 1, under the sign of Scorpio, or the Scorpion. To the man it promises a long, active life, prosperous and very careful of what he gains. He will be a little gay in his youthful days but not vicious. Venus inclines him to the fair sex."

There in the mirror stood Herdis playing his violin. Bill wanted to break the mirror then and there but Roscoe held him back and finally learned that Herdis had been Bill's hated rival for fame in Europe. To smooth all over Roscoe called for Jessie Weir and the witch read:

"Born Feb. 3, under sign of Aquarius, or the Water Bearer.

If a lady has curly hair,
She'll have in life but little care;
For she will have a temper kind,
Full of sweet love to all mankind;
She will marry in life most soon,
Have a most happy honeymoon,
Many children her life will bless,
Who will bring unto her no distress."

The mirror showed Jessie in her farm yard feeding the chickens. To her skirts clung a little red-haired boy, evidently one of the "many".

"An ideal picture," sighed Bill as it vanished.

"What became of Norma Wade?"

"Born April 22, under the sign of Taurus, or the Bull. Rather emotional and impulsive; liable to extremes; judgment will be good and can be relied upon. The lady with very black hair never places too much confidence in the promises of gentlemen. When she once places her love it is not easily changed from its object or purpose."

The first thing visible in the magic mirror was a line of army tents from one of which came Norma, leaning on the arm of a soldier.

"That was a love that remained for years," said Roscoe. "I wonder if Ruth and Tim are married too. What about Ruth?"

Both witches laughed at this speech but stopped suddenly when the men looked surprised.

"Ruth Dexheimer was born August 29, under the sign of Virgo or the Virgin. Persons born then will be cool, calm, and confident, with great executive ability understanding themselves thoroughly.

In the magic mirror all was dark but as it grew lighter a man was plainly visible. Although his face wore an expression of fear and caution, William and Roscoe recognized him at once.

"If it isn't Bill Ridenour," exclaimed Roscoe, "but how is he connected with Ruth Dexheimer?"

"They surely can't be married," said William. "One of the Sophomore girls must have captured him. Look! he has his shoes off and seems to be stealing his way in."

Sure enough, Bill Ridenour, the former brave foot-ball hero was creeping with trembling knees up the stairs. But all was explained in a moment when at the head of the stairs appeared Ruth Dexheimer in kimono and curl papers. In one hand she wielded a rolling pin and she seemed to be saying: "Ha! I'll teach you to stay out late at nights." Poor Bill Ridenour! As he fell on his knees to beg mercy the two onlookers were overcome and begged the witch to let the curtain fall.

"We cannot bear to see our old comrade in such a condition," they said.

After a time Roscoe said, "How narrowly Tim Crunk escaped that fate. I wonder what he is doing now."

The witch read: "Tim Crunk was born on June 11, under the sign of Gemini, or the Twins. Of a restless disposition, aspiring but rather pessimistic, often disappointed in love."

Beside a fireside sat Tim all alone blowing smoke rings. The smoke took shape and formed into a young lady but soon faded into the background then the whole picture faded.

"The bachelor life is undoubtedly best after all," said Roscoe and called for James Walker.

"James was an 'April Fool,' born under the sign of Aries, or the Ram. This sign denotes prosperity but it brings a life of pain and pleasure. To be prosperous will require active industry and patience under misfortune and perils."

This time the mirror showed an aeroplane landing. The machine was different from most aeroplanes and on its wings were the words, "The Walker Air-Line." James was at the wheel. It was evident that he was managing an aeroplane express.

"That's much nicer than his old wagon," said Roscoe.

Morris Barret was called for next and the witch began—"Born Dec. 29, under the sign of Capricorn, or the Goat. This sign means work and toil, with the benefits of labor reaped by others. Marriage may alter the destiny."

"This looks like the village of Oliver," said Roscoe, looking into the mirror.

"It must be. Look, here is a sign. It says, 'Doctor Morris Barret. Cures guaranteed.'"

"Well, he lived up to two things, his nickname and his favorite expression, as a child. Don't you remember how he used to begin every sentence with 'When we lived out to Oliver'?"

Both laughed reminiscently. "Speaking of Morris Barret reminds me of Mary Morelock. I wonder what she is doing."

Sagittarius, or the Archer is her sign for she was born Nov. 28. The lady who has light brown hair will be tender hearted; she will show her generosity to all who are, or seem to be in trouble. She will not say much but will feel deeply.

Again there appeared the line of army tents but this time it was Mary Morelock who emerged from one of them. She was dressed in the uniform of a Red Cross nurse and as she hurried along she was met by another nurse. This turned out to be none other than Lena Alexander.

"Two mighty good looking nurses," was the comment. "I wouldn't mind being a poor wounded soldier in that camp."

"I wonder if Anne Fullenwider became a doctor," said Bill.

"No, she—" said the witch then caught herself and continued as usual. "Born Oct. 13, under the sign of Libra, or the Balance. A middle course of life is promised by this sign; a smooth, even, unrippled stream, free from storms or sudden changes, in fact, an enviable destiny."

The mirror showed Anne with her husband (a strange man). She was sitting at a table writing industriously. A "close up" showed that she was composing an article on "Ideas for Senior Annuals. Witty Poems and Snap Shots Suggested."

"Anne is capable of writing that. Don't you remember, she was one of those who made our annual the best ever," remarked Bill.

"What happened to the Greens?" they demanded.

"Allan Green was born Sept. 1, under the sign of Virgo or the Virgin. This sign gives to the men courage and generosity. Advancement awaits them if they do not mar their fortune by love of flattery to which they are prone."

Allan's fate, according to the mirror was that of a soda jerker. He seemed to be very popular among the frequenters of Walter's.

"Myrtle Green was born June 7, under the sign of Gemini, or the Twins. This is a fortunate sign for females, particularly in the grand article of matrimony, though they will prosper well in other affairs. They will be punctual and honest in their dealings."

Two doors were visible in the mirror. They were lettered—"Green and Duncan, Publishers." One of these opened and Myrtle could be seen reading proofs. What she read was as follows: "'As' can be used in many ways, one of which is as a preposition. We know Noah Webster does not agree with us in this but—etc., etc."

"So Myrtle is still contending about questions in grammar. I wonder whether this other door is Emily Duncan's?"

It opened also and there sat Emily reading proofs. Her's said: "To find cube root begin with units, separate the number into periods of three figures each; the extreme left period—etc., etc."

"Well, well," said Roscoe, "M. V. H. S. turned out not only a grammarian but also a mathematician."

"Don't you remember Bill Dausman? I wonder what lot befell him?"

"Wm. Dausman was born June 30, under the sign of Cancer, or the Crab. He was given a whimsical and analytical mind, a love of lawsuits and great musical ability."

The two listeners laughed at this last statement but the mirror showed Bill caroling away with swelling chest and wide open mouth.

"Thank Heaven this isn't a reproducer of sounds," sighed Ruminer.

"One thing sure," laughed Roscoe, "we know he is singing one of the latest tunes."

"Now what of Heine Rethwisch?"

"Heine was born on October 11, under the sign of Libra, or the Balance. The persons then born will have a smooth life, will be just in their transactions, faithful in love, and averse to law.

No picture appeared in the mirror and the witch explained that there were a few people in the world whom it was not able to reflect. She had learned however from another source, that Heine was traveling around selling a set of books. These books had been written by Heine himself and dealt with three subjects—How to Play Football, How To Write Letters To Young Ladies, and How To Make Witty Remarks.

"Those books should be good authority for Heine was proficient in all three subjects during his High School Days."

"What is Jamia Bailey doing?"

"Jamia, Heine, and another of your classmates, Rachel Harlem, all have the same birthday and of course the same characteristics," said the prophetess with the book.

"Well Oct. 11, was a lucky day for the class of 1917 if we got those three then."

"The mirror will show first what happened to Jamia. We have heard that she found the one man for her and that she would be married today," informed the other prophetess.

She was right for the magic mirror showed Jamia and her new husband leaving in a shower of rice and old shoes.

Rachel's actions were the most surprising for the mirror showed her giving a little boy a sound spanking. Both Roscoe and Bill wondered how she ever became so hard-hearted but the witches explained that as matron of an orphans' home Rachel had learned much.

Amiability and good health were given to Eunice Caborn by the sign which governs those born on August 24. In the mirror she was seen taking up tickets on the Evansville-Mt. Vernon traction. She wore the same old smile and looked very petite in her conductor's uniform.

"I suppose she got so used to taking that ride to school that she couldn't stop," laughed Bill.

They asked about Dewey Byrd next. His birthday came on May 22, under the sign of Gemini, or the Twins. This made him aspiring and energetic but inclined to be pessimistic. The mirror showed a large card bearing a likeness of Dewey and advertising the famous Byrd Hair Tonic, positively guaranteed to raise a pompadour over night.

When they asked of Gladys Rosenbaum the witch read. "Born on Sept. 4, under the sign of Virgo, or the Virgin. This sign gives her a happy life with many unexpected gains." A large ballroom was shown in the mirror and Gladys was presiding over the punch bowl.

In another part of the same ballroom there was a group of gentlemen all trying to get a dance from a blond young lady who turned out to be Margaret Holton. As usual she was cool and gracious and managed to arrange for a dance with each of her admirers.

"What happened to Ruth Schultheis and Mildred Prenzel?"

"Ruth was born Aug. 22, under the sign of Leo, or the Lion. The sign gives her a love of the beautiful but a lack of confidence in herself." According to the mirror she realized her one ambition and became an interior decorator.

Mildred Prenzel was born Nov. 14, under the sign of Scorpio, or the Scorpion. It is not a very good sign for women but they will be free from all evil propensities.

The magic mirror reflected a large grocery managed entirely by Mildred Prenzel. Two ladies were employed to help the housewives select the best vegetables. These ladies were two members of the class of 1917, Bertha Welborn and Myra Walker. With deft fingers they wrapped the vegetables and packed them into baskets for delivery. Among the delivery men there was one who looked familiar and both Roscoe and Bill exclaimed—"It's Albert Kaufman!" Just before the picture vanished a large farm wagon loaded with pumpkins stopped before the door and Lloyd French got down from the driver's seat and began to bargain with Mildred.

"That store should be called the 1917," said Roscoe. "Do you realize that we saw five of our old classmates there?"

"Tell us about Mary Stinson."

"Libra, or the Balance, gives her a smooth and happy life. This sign seems to have been a favorite of your classmates."

The mirror took the onlookers back to M. V. H. S. and into the superintendent's office, where Mary Stinson, as President of the Board was making a talk. As the picture vanished the witch said that Mary had succeeded in passing many rulings favorable to Seniors. One of these allowed them to give dances when they chose.

"What of Arnolus Reedle, our basketball star?"

"He was born on Feb. 22, under the sign of Pisces, or the Fishes. Persons born under this sign will be fortunate if they begin all their undertakings on the day of the week on which they were born."

The mirrored Arnolus was clad in a dress suit and was teaching dancing.

"Don't forget Anna Alles."

"Anna was born in cold January and although we can give you no picture of her we can tell you her fate. She began as a stenographer but her employer soon succumbed to her merry smiles and they are married now.

"We haven't asked about Arthur Ehrhardt and Edward Esche."

Arthur was born July 26, under the sign of Leo, or the Lion. The sign gives him a calm and self-confident nature.

In the mirror was reflected the closing scene of a play. The part of the hero was taken by Arthur Ehrhardt. His leading lady was our Dorothy Johnson, looking as sweet as ever.

"That recalls the hours we practiced for 'The Imaginary Sick Man,'" said Bill.

"Edward Esche was born Feb. 5, under the sign of Aquarius or the Water Bearer. This gives him a love of wandering and trouble to contend with. Mercury gives him slights in love."

Edward was seen in the mirror walking through his large shirt and tie factory. Here he designed and made the shirts and ties for half the men of the world.

"That is the last of the boys. Now we have only some girls left."

"Three girls of your class became teachers in M. V. H. S.," said the witch.

"Who are they?" asked Bill and Roscoe.

"First you will see the professor of a new department, the department of law; second, the Latin teacher; third, the instructor in poetry," said the witch.

In quick succession there appeared in the mirror Nellie Son, the professor of Law, Lorena Roeder, the Latin teacher, and Nell York, the instructor in poetry.

"I am not at all surprised at Nellie Son," said Bill, "but I wonder if Lorena flavors her Latin with German?"

"And do you suppose Nell York ever tries to imitate Browning?" asked Roscoe.

"Now what of Mary Ina Ludlow?"

"She was born on Feb. 22, under the sign of the Fishes. This gives to the woman a love of traveling and a contempt of danger. They are sure to be prosperous."

The witch of the mirror informed Bill and Roscoe that they were about to view another establishment managed by members of the class of 1917. This was a beauty parlor and dressmaking establishment managed by Mary Ludlow, Elfreda Frick, and Helen Williams. The mirror showed Mary Ludlow teaching a lady to arrange her hair in the latest way. Elfreda Frick presided over the manicuring tables and Helen Williams superintended the making of French frocks. The witch also called their attention to two of the models who were parading and turning in true model fashion. These were none other than May Moore and Aloise Blockley.

"We must not forget Mary Kuhn and Anna Frailey."

Almost before the names were spoken there appeared an image in the magic mirror. Mary Kuhn was seen busily mounting photographs while Anna Frailey was posing a gentleman for his picture.

"Mt. Vernon's leading photographers," said the witch. "They make all the pictures for the Senior annuals."

"Beulah Rhodes is left."

The witches sighed. "The last we heard of her she was working among the cannibals as a missionary. We hope they have not made her into a stew."

"The mirror is trying to picture something," said Roscoe. All bent forward eagerly and finally they could see Beulah, not cooking over the fire but sitting by it in peace.

"So they are all happy," sighed Bill. "We have found all our classmates."

"About all of them?" questioned one witch sharply and "all of them?" echoed her sister.

"No, Bill," said Roscoe, "there were two more girls but I have forgotten their names now."

"Oh," moaned one witch, "They have forgotten us."

With an angry gesture the other witch summoned two servants and ordered them to show the callers the door.

"But Madam—," said Bill, trying to apologize.

"Begone," she cried, "we'll have no further dealings with persons who cannot remember old classmates."

About an hour later the two were again sitting in Roscoe's apartments when he said, "Bill, the two girls we forgot were Mary Louise Black and Margaret Doerr."

"Of course! How did we happen to forget them?"

"And Bill, I'll wager any money that the witch with the book was Margaret and the other one was Mary Louise. That is why they were able to tell us so much about our old friends."

"You are right," answered Bill after a moment's consideration, "if we had only recognized them sooner!"

"But," said Roscoe, "we accomplished our desire and found out just what happened to every member of the best class that ever graduated."

MARGARET DOERR,
MARY LOUISE BLACK.

CLASS WILL

We, the Seniors of 1917, of the city of Mt. Vernon, and state of Indiana, being in our usual state of mind and memory, do hereby, with due legality, take this opportunity to publicly declare this, our last will and testament, in the manner following:

Item 1. Arthur Ehrhardt wills all of his beauty and sweet girlish ways to Frank Harlem.

Item 2. Tim Crunk leaves ten feet of lumber to the High School to repair the floor worn out by him traveling the distance between Ruth's desk and his own.

Item 3. Margaret Holton leaves her butterfly disposition to Flora Dixon.

Item 4. Stella Pfister wills all of her deportment grades to Fred Leonard. With the request that he add said grades to his own so he may be able to get 95 once.

Item 5. Bertha Welborn bequeaths all of her sarcastic expressions to Miss Smith to be used as she sees fit.

Item 6. Gladys Rosenbaum wills all her interests in Mt. Vernon and Evansville to Leona so that even though far away, she may yet keep in touch with them.

Item 7. Anna Alles bequeaths her bewitching little smile and sweet innocent expression to Susie Sugg to be used in charming Clarence.

Item 8. Aloise Blockley wills an everlasting, warranted not to fade, nose whitener to Marie Souder.

Item 9. Anne Fullinwider and Rachel Harlem will their permanent position as Mutt and Jeff to Jett Williams and Oliver Seifert.

Item 10. Nell York leaves her ability to show her dimples at all times and places to Belva Davis.

Item 11. Margaret Doerr wills her hair ribbon to Blanche Neff.

Item 12. We, the Seniors, will a large red bandana to the faculty to be used in catching the tears when we have departed.

Item 13. William Dausman leaves his deep mannish voice to Ralph Rosenbaum to be used by him when he calls Mr. Heimbürger in Manual Training.

Item 14. Dewey Byrd wills all his pompadour not needed to Mr. Stinnett for obvious reasons.

Item 15. Ruth Dexheimer bequeaths cupid's bow and arrow formally used by her to Helen Keck.

Item 16. Ruth Schultheis leaves that artistic and melodious laugh of hers to Charlotte Brinkman.

Item 17. William Ridenour leaves his jolly good humor and wit to the future Senior Class. He, however, retains his shy and retiring ways for his own use.

Item 18. William Ruminer wills his knowledge of love and girls to Lionel Allen.

Item 19. Dorothy Johnson does here give and bequeath her wonderful voice and dramatic ability to the altos to be used in Glee Club.

Item 20. Gertrude Luebberrmann wills that independent way of walking of hers to Raymond Schneider.

Item 21. Norma Wade bequeaths to Esther Menzies the unlimited right to bestow coquettish glances upon any one she may deem eligible to return said glances.

Item 22. To Dale Defur, Mary Morlock wills all her interest in Madeline Forthoffer.

Item 23. Mary Stinson wills her monopoly on all good looking boys to Mary E. Mackey.

Item 24. To Miss Dorsey, we bequeath an aeroplane that she may rise as high as her heart desires.

- Item 25. We will our vaccination certificates to Mr. Llewelyn.
- Item 26. To Mr. Sandefur, we do will and bequeath the combined good humor of the senior class to be used in case his is exhausted.
- Item 27. To Miss Shordon, we bequeath a yard stick and an alarm clock to keep all students awake.
- Item 28. To Owen Cowen, Nellie Son bequeaths her stoicism.
- Item 29. Mildred Prenzel leaves all of her flirtatious ways to Flossie Crowder.
- Item 30. Edward Esche leaves "himself" to any of the pretty little freshies who may speak first.
- Item 31. Arnolus Reedle bequeaths his brains to Clarence Lawrence.
- Item 32. Mary Louise Black wills her ability to become a favorite in her classes to Dorothy Doerr.
- Item 33. Myrtle Green bequeaths her green dress to the future seniors, to be used as foliage in their class play.
34. Roscoe Bayer bequeaths his high standing with Miss Malone to Lawrence Woodward.
- Item 35. We will to Aleen Schneider a new pair of white shoes to be used when hers are soiled.
- Item 36. Jessie Weir wills her pretty orange fluffy hair to Mary Ruminer.
- Item 37.—Mary Kuhn bequeaths her passive indifference to Jack Leonard.
- Item 38. To Mr. Allen we will a boxing glove.
- Item 39. Jamia Bailey leaves those big brown eyes to Beulah Karnes.
- Item 40. Mae Moore wills her new hat made in the millinery department to Madge Oliver to be worn only on special occasions.
- Item 41. Heine Rethwisch leaves his skull cap to Nick Cowen.
- Item 42. Myra Walker leaves her little sister Nina, everything that will enable her to become a good Senior some day.
- Item 4. Albert Kaufman bequeaths his modesty and also his sweet blushes to Chapman Utley.
- Item 44. Emily Duncan bequeaths the position as "teacher's pet" to Herb Forthoffer.
- Items 45. Allen Green wills his adoring glances used in the Senior play to Lionel Allen to be used when he looks at Helen, Mary Louise, Fern, Lucille, etc.
- Item 46. Loyd French wills his number 14 shoes to Oscar Burlison.
- Item 47. Morris Barret wills his wonderful insight into love to Dopey Doerr. We hope he will explain to the freshies the many troubles that come therefrom so they will avoid them in the future.
- Item 48. James Walker wishes to leave a new clock to the assembly so that we may have one that will at least go twenty minutes.
- Item 49. Herdis Helmuth leaves his rosin to Susie Sugg.
- Item 50. Elfreda Frick leaves her "old maidishness" to Bessie Jeffries.
- Item 51. Lena Alexander wills the guardianship of her brother, Carson, to any of the first year girls who may qualify.
- Item 52. Beulah Rhodes bequeaths her descriptive powers to Gertis Allen.
- Item 53. Mary Ina Ludlow wills her favorite color to Blanche Neff.
- Item 54. Lorena Roeder leaves her German accent to the Kaiser.
- Item 55. Helen Williams wills her assertive ways to the sophomore class to be divided equally.
- Item 56. Anna Frailey bequeaths her typewriting ability to Lawrence Woodward.
- Item 57. Eunice Caborn wills her experience as a high school student to Fred Walker.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names this tenth day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred seventeen.

SENIORS '17.

Attorney, Norma Wade.

In the presence of Mt. Vernon High School.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

THE IMAGINARY SICK MAN

By Moliere

Friday Evening, Dec. 8, 1916.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY.

Argan, the Imaginary Sick Man Wm. Wilson Ridenour
Angelique, his daughter Mary Stinson
Beline, his wife Dorothy Johnson
Louison, his younger daughter Rachel Harlem
Toinette, servant in Argan's house Mary Kuhn
Cleante, Angelique's lover Herdis Helmuth
M. Bonnefoi, an attorney Roscoe Bayer
M. Diafoirus, a wise old doctor Wm. Rhein Ruminer
Thomas Diafoirus, a wise young doctor, also a suitor for the hand of An-
gelique Allen Green
Beralde, Argan's brother Arthur Ehrhardt
M. Purgon, the doctor who knows Argan's constitution Allan Coker
M. Fleurant, Purgon's assistant Roscoe Bayer
The action takes place in Argan's sitting-room.

"The Imaginary Sick Man" was given Friday night by the Class of 1917 in the auditorium of the Senior High School to a good-sized audience in spite of the inclemency of the weather.

This play "Le Malade Imaginaire" by the Frenchman, Moliere, the scenes of which are laid in France, portrays the life of the French people during the sixteenth century.

William Wilson Ridenour, who played the title role, was a good sick man and did much credit to the part. Dorothy Johnson, as his wife, Beline, and as a stepmother to Argan's daughter, was especially suited to the part. Mary Stinson, as Angelique, the beautiful daughter of Argan, made a splendid character in the antique costume and with Herdis Helmuth as Cleante, lent a delightful romance to the play. Rachel Harlem in the part of Little Louison, the youngest daughter of Argan, was excellent in her acting. William Ruminer, as the old doctor and Allen Green, as his son, were ardent suitors for the hand of Angelique. Mary Kuhn, as Toinette, the maid, caused much humor during the evening in her clever acting with Argan. Roscoe Bayer, Arthur Ehrhardt, and Allan Coker also were good in their parts and deserve much credit.

Mention should be made of the beautiful costumes, some of which were furnished by Fritz Schoultz, Chicago. The others were made in the sewing department of the high school.

The high school orchestra, under Miss Dorsey's direction, furnished the music for the program with its usual success.

Mr. William Maurer, as director of this play, deserves much credit for producing so difficult a play in such a manner.

—MT. VERNON DEMOCRAT.



Act II, Scene VI—Thomas Diafoirus: "Permit me, mademoiselle, to be through life your very humble, very obedient, and very faithful servant and husband."



Act III, Scene VII—Argan: "Good God! I'm dead!"



"The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actors stop,
And look around, to say farewell."

THACKERY—The End of the Play.



STUDENTS HAVING MORE THAN 18.5 CREDITS.

Top Row—Loren Russell, S. Jett Williams, Raymond Schneider, Henry Chambers, Orvan Hall, William Bokelman, Leonard Davis, Frederick Leonard.

Second Row—Ray Hames, Dale DeFur, Winfred Allyn, Benjamin Seifert, Clarence Schenk, Lionel Allen, Charles Bonnell, Oliver Seifert.

Third Row—Ruth Coke, Juanita Tudor, Mary Ruminer, Aleen Schneider, Eleanor Page, Josephine Kelley, Emma Fullinwider, Louise Ashworth.

Fourth Row—Charlotte Brinkman, Hazel Bottomley, Bessie Jeffries, Mildred Blakely, Harriett Green, Flora Dixon, Dorothy Doerr.

Bottom Row—Madeline Forthoffer, Beulah Walker, Bertha Ashworth, Lelia Buchanan.



STUDENTS HAVING MORE THAN 10.5 AND FEWER THAN 18.5 CREDITS.

Top Row—Sam Horste, Herbert Kreie, Lyman Davis, Fred Walker, Thomas Boyce, Chapman Utley, Wayne Klotz, Sidney Kitchell, James Morlock, Clarence Lawrence, John Doerr, Arch Thomas, Glenn Knight.

Second Row—Fred Thomas, Henry Ashworth, Owen Cowen, Elisha Blackburn, Lawrence Woodward, Louise Leffel, Grace Blackburn, Madge Oliver, Elfreda Hironimus, Gladys Woodward, Blanche Neff, Marjorie Bailey, Mary Carr.

Third Row—Helen Keck, Mary E. Bateman, Leona Rosenbaum, Mary E. Mackey, Edna Sturm, Olive Kincheloe, Madeline Vines, Hazel Williams, Lucile Stiker, Gladys Basler, Hazel Kagle, Mary L. Fitton, Fern Leipold, Lydia Rieken.

Fourth Row—Belva Davis, Marie Souder, Beulah Saltzman, Jessie Pritchard, Marie Ludlow, Lucile Haas, Beulah Karnes, Carmen Wade, Olivia Martin, Helen Lawrence, Alice Grabhorn, Elsie Sherertz, Edna Trousdale, Esther Menzies.

Bottom Row—Roy Peerman, Walter Conlin, Florian Alles, Gilbert Suttner, Paul Scherer, Ralph Rosenbaum, Paul Miller, Jack Leonard, Oswald Benner, Allen Blue.



STUDENTS HAVING FEWER THAN 10.5 CREDITS.

Top Row—Thomas Weir, Harry Mentzer, Wm. Dietz, Charles Ruminer, John Starken, Bernard Luebberrmann, Douglas Dixon, Karl Beste, Kellie Johnson, Malcolm LaDuke.

Second Row—Fritz Dietz, Frank Harlem, James Pearson, Herman Alldrich, Edward Mann, Erwin Kreie, Theodore Schnabel, Mark Dawson, Malcolm Alldredge, Ira Perkins, Winston Edmonds, Samuel Topper.

Third Row—Mildred Barrett, Susie Sugg, Elsie Dixon, Martha Fox, Bessie Adams, Evelene Baro, Bernice Klotz, Esther Barrett, Hortense Utley, Elizabeth Clements, Margaret Seibert, Roberta Cowen, Lucile Hempling.

Fourth Row—Helen Gregory, Eleanor Stevens, Edith Blackburn, Eula Bernd, Mary Benthall, Charlotte Green, Isabel Hovey, Jessamay Layer, LaVerne Niblo, Edna Grabert, Sarah Conlin, Gladys Wolfinger, Estella Oeth.

Bottom Row—Floyd LaDuke, Charles Ellis, Gertis Allyn, Arthur Thomas, Morris Alexander, William Monroe, Goebel McFadden, Clarence Kuhn.

UNLUCKY (?) JIMMY.

Dear Aunt Sally:

Well, Aunt Sally, I have been having more bad luck again. You know I wrote you about weeding Sisses flowers for her to earn a nickle to go to the movies and about me axidentally pulling up the flowers and leaving the weeds. Well Sis made me take the money out of my bank to buy some new seeds. Besides if I had been at the show Tommy and me and his cousin wouldn't of seen Sisse's fudge cooling on the window sill and besides how was I to know that strange feller was such a pig!

Well after that my luck changed and things went reel smooth for a while. I got the mumps and had to stay in bed a spell and lots of good eats come my way and I got the hives and a dollar and fifteen cents and Sis said it was worth twice that much for me to be in bed that long. I guess she thought I needed the rest after so much bad luck.

So now Mom is sick not down but kinda off her feed. The doctor says it is her nerves and they have sent me out here to Aunt Jennies to spend my spring vacashun and Pop said for heavens sake to restrane myself and Aunt Sally I have tried cross my heart! but my luck still persude me as the poet says.

I can't make over human nature let alone cow nature and hen nature and etc. I even tried to help Aunt Jennie in the kitchen but how did I know she kept soap powder in that can with the holes in the top like we have to sprinkle flour on the beefsteak with! The way I happen to know what its for is one time Tommy and me was making mud bricks and we wanted something to sprinkle sand with and I found that can and we used it and when I put it back I forgot and left the sand in it. A poor memory is awful hard on a feller Aunt Sally, but I can set down real comfortably now. Well about my bad luck out here I climbed up in the barn loft the other day and there was a hen setting way off up there in the hay and I thought gee whiz! when the chickens hatch they will all fall down and kill theirselves and how will she get anything up here for them to eat and I looked in one of the eggs and sure enough they was nearly ready to hatch and no time to lose so I thought I'd better move the whole outfit down to safety, so I fixed a nice nest down under the reeper and took the eggs all down in my cap and then took the hen and she acted reel cranky and did not want to stay on the new nest and run off squawking to beat the band but I caught her and brought her back but she got kinda excited and broke several of the eggs and I had to put a box over her to keep her on and most of the eggs got broke and Aunt Jennie said good land she had put her up there on purpose so the other hens wouldn't lay to her and she had sent clear to West Virginia for those eggs and they cost \$2 for 13. A person ought not to put an unlucky number under a hen and expect a feller to be a mind reader.

But seems like my bad luck just sticks to me like we was Simese twins. Yesterday Aunt Jennie mixed up a bucket of stuff with slop and brand and some kind of medisine for a sick pig and told me to take it out to Uncle John and be awful careful for that was all the meisine in the house and just as I got to the barn lot gate Uncle John let out some awful interesting swear words and I set the bucket down so I could hurry to him and see could I be of any help and he had turned over a bucket of white paint right by the barn door and was as mad as Pop gets when I axidentally step on his corns. At any rate it sounded about the same and he slammed the doors shut and ran off to get something to clean it up with and just then old Sooky come up and begun to lick some that had run out under the door and I thought gee whiz! that would be the quickest way and I just opened the doors and let them in and they had it all cleaned up in no time and I thought now wont Uncle John be surprized and he was and so was I when he said—I cant write a lady what he said but you know Uncle John, and he come after me with a terrible look and the shovel and I thought maybe Id better get

away from that place and I did reel sudden and ran around the barn and skinned up the wind mill ladder and by the time Uncle John got round the corner of the barn I was no where in sight which was the best thing for me and him to, for think how sorry he would of been ever after besides all the trouble of a funeral in the house and having to ship the body clear home and all and not seeing me in sight he thought of course I had streaked it for the house and he lit out after me and run slap into that bucket of slop medisine for the sick pig, when I had set it down so careful so as not to spill it running to help him but he ought to have looked where he was going thats what they said to me when I was running from Bill, because I forgot and left a pan of tacks in his chair, and caught my chin on Aunt Jennies clothes line and broke it down with all the wet clothes on it she was hanging out.

Well Aunt Sally I guess some folks are born for bad luck as the sparks fly up as the poet says. Two of the cows that got in first died and some that was slower getting to it are just sick and I am writing this out here in the implament shed and slowly starving to death by degrees. You see I did not go in to dinner I thought in Uncle Johns shaken condition he spraned his rist holding on to the shovel when he fell over the slop bucket and him so kinda nervus and excited I thought it would not be benefishul for him to see me so soon and now it is nearly supper time and I havent had a bite to eat since brekfast but 4 or 5 eggs I got out of the hen house and sucked and 3 doughnuts and a few cookies and 3 biskits and 2 pieces of ham that was all I could reach through the pantry window and 5 hirsheys and 3 bananas and I am just so hungry I have to swallow spit. So Aunt Sally if you dont want to have all the trouble as well as the expense and awful grief of coming so far to my funeral I expect it would be better for me to come and spend the rest of my vacashun in the city with you. I am very anxious to see you and hope you are the same. I think I could be a great help to you and would be benifishul in keeping you from getting lonesome and I think my luck would change—just being you yoursel and no cows or hens or anything just a parrot and a cat and no husband, and some animals have more sense than others anyway not that I want to say anything against Aunt Jennie and Uncle John. They mean well but they forget they ever was boys theirselves in ancient times when they was young and my unluckiness out here in the wilderness has taught me to be more careful and as Lincoln says there is nothing like etxperiance for getting a feller into trouble.

So hoping to hear from you soon, Your unlucky Nephew,

JIMMY.

P. S. The Hardy kids was here one day and Aunt Jennie told me to amuse them so I tied my cap on to Rovers head and he and thier dog got into a fight and it got tore up the cap not their dog so if you want me to come you had better send me a new one because going to a large city I would want to be a credit to you.

J.

P. S. P. S. Rover and me and Browns goat got mixed up axidental with one of there bee hives and it took all of my money to pay the damidge. More of my bad luck now was I to know beforehand that one of them would go on one side of there old bee hive and the other on the other when I tied them together. So if you are **very anxious** for me to com you had better send me 75c. The fare is only 49c but when a feller is as unlucky as I am he might need a little extry in case anything happens like getting hungry going so far or something.

J.

P. S. Again—I think I will be a great credit to you among your friends for I am getting along fine at school specially in composishun spelling and deportmant.

J. S.

ANNE FULLINWIDER.

THE LADY OF MOUNT KRAMER.

Mount Kramer is one of the highest peaks in the Rockies—and one of the wildest. Mute and mighty it stands, as a symbol of former days. It was said that on its summit there lived a wise woman, who, most people said, was really insane. Hunters and tourists avoided going near the part of the mountain commonly called "The Wise Woman's Den."

Only one person in Norton, the small town at the foot of Mt. Kramer, had ever seen the lonely woman. That person was Mr. Clark, who owned the largest store in Norton. He described her as "pretty, but sad and very peculiar." Once a week Mr. Clark would take a supply of provisions to a box made for the purpose on the mountain. Money and a note containing orders for the next week's supply were always found there on the day the supply was brought. Regularly twice a month a letter was placed in the box and the next week after it was brought, one was found in the box with a request for it to be mailed. The former were always addressed "The Lady of Mt. Kramer, Norton, Colorado"; the latter, "Miss Alice Larrimer, Eaton, Massachusetts." No light was thrown on the mystery by the letters.

During the summer months, Norton was always filled with tourists. One day a larger car drove up to the "Norton House" and its occupants alighted. They were a lady, a man, a young girl, and the driver of the car—nothing unusual for Norton. But Norton people were surprised later by the doings of this family. Every day Mrs. Larrimer and her daughter Marian rode horseback. That in itself was unusual for Norton. No one rode horseback in the mountains. The girl seemed very curious, too. She wanted to find out about all of the places near Norton. Visitors to Norton had never before cared for the surrounding country, who lived there, or what grew there.

One day the natives of Norton were very much surprised indeed. Miss Larrimer was climbing Mt. Kramer! What did she intend to do? Had she no fear? And she was going alone. Jack Dane, a little boy who had quite fallen in love with the young lady, determined to follow her at a safe distance in case "The Wild Woman of Mt. Kramer" should try to harm her. This is what he saw:

Miss Larrimer slowly followed the trail up the mountain. The climb, though long, was gradual and not difficult, as the trail was well marked. Along the path were growing wild strawberries, ferns, and curious wild flowers. The girl stopped often to rest and to admire the queer blossoms and enjoy the wild fruit. Jack had hard work trying to evade her, but he was her self-appointed body-guard, so he did not give up. At last, after about an hour's climb, the boundary of the "Wild Woman's Den" was reached. Miss Larrimer did not stop; much to the dismay of Jack. She went through the improvised gate, a log over two vine-covered stumps, and plucky Jack followed. Soon a small quaint log house appeared. It was surrounded by hundreds of flowers, the most beautiful ones Jack had ever seen. And the house was also covered with blooming vines. A peacock proudly promenaded at one end of the garden and a canary sang its sweet song in one of the open windows of the cottage.

Miss Larrimer stopped and looked with shining eyes at the unusual and beautiful picture. Then she stepped to the edge of the small veranda and called softly. "Barbara! Barbara, are you there?"

Suddenly a lovely young girl came running out of the house. Jack thought they surely must have known each other well, for they embraced and wept and could not speak for quite awhile.

"It is wonderful here, Barbara. Won't you tell me all about it now?" said Miss Larrimer, and the two girls seated themselves on the shady veranda.

"Yes, I am quite ready to tell you everything now, Marian, but I don't know just where to begin," smilingly replied "The Wild Woman of Mt. Kramer."

Jack did not think that was appropriate at all. He had never before seen such a lovely girl, he thought, and he was very sure that he had never seen as pleasant a smile as this girl had.

"Tell me why you persisted in coming alone and why you asked me to address your letters in such a ridiculous way," suggested Marian Larrimer.

"In other words you want me to begin at the beginning, don't you?" laughed the "Lady of Mt. Kramer." "All right, and so I shall. But don't form any opinions until I have finished my story."

Marian nodded and smiled reassuringly, and Barbara began.

"You know how enthusiastic I was about the idea of going to college—and then my sudden change of mind—and the cause of that change. I'll explain the latter for you, anyway, you seem rather mystified. I met Mrs. William Darington in father's office one day and she asked me out to her country home for one of her week-end house-parties. I fell in love with her at once, she is such a dear, and naturally I became interested in her work—slumming. Oh, Marian, the things Mrs. Darington has done are marvelous. When I saw the happiness she gave those unfortunate people, I longed to do something, too. She said that I did help a lot—but I knew I could never be as Mrs. Darington is. Then that Mr. Marshall's book came out. You know, the one telling how flowers could perform miracles, how flowers could help solve the problem of the slums. I always loved flowers and I believed everything that book said of the power of flowers. I had made up my mind to devote the rest of my life to helping the poor—the poor not only in money, but also those who lacked love and happiness. I determined to do it not only for the sake of those for whom I was working, but also for Mrs. Darington's sake. I loved her so much that I felt I could do anything for her or anything that would please her. And I felt that this would please her. Then I began thinking of all of the things other people far more capable and influential than I were doing, and I realized what a very, very small part I would be able to do—unless I, perhaps, could do something different. So I looked to flowers for my instrument of help. I wanted some isolated place where I could raise flowers and prepare myself for the part of "Helper of Mankind." I thought that flowers would truly be the only means of changing the terrible conditions of the slums to an ideal condition. Mr. Marshall's book was my inspiration.

"There was really another reason that I wanted to be away from everyone I knew, too. I suppose you know that reason, Marian, for it is nothing more than your brother. Bob had asked me to marry him, you know; and I knew that I would consent if I should stay. I also thought that I would not do my duty to those whom I was determined to help, if I should marry—so I told Bob how it was. I couldn't bear to see the expression of his face every time he looked at me—so I hurried my plans. While touring one summer, this village and mountain had struck my fancy. So I decided to make this my home until I was fitted to help others. In the meantime I was to raise flowers and send them to the poor all over the country, as an experiment. Mr. Marshall and Mrs. Darington were to take charge of the distribution of the flowers in their section and to appoint others in other sections. Of course I had a very hard time gaining mother's and father's consent—but it was finally given.

"I made up my mind not to write to a soul excepting you and not to let anyone but you write to me. I always addressed your letters by your middle name so that if any of the Norton people wanted to make investigations, information would be hard to obtain; and I did not wish them to know who I was. I can't tell you how I looked forward to your letters—how welcome they were. And, Marian, if you had not come just now, I confess I couldn't have stood it any longer—I would have told you to come. I love this place and I hope my flowers have cheered many unhappy people—but I am ready to give up the foolish part of my plan. I see now that it is foolish. I only sacrificed my happiness and that of Bob's for the happiness, as I thought, of many others. But

I realize now that I could help those others just as well by living near them and by being happy myself.

"Why didn't you bring Bob up with you? Isn't he in Norton, too?" And Barbara waited eagerly for Marian's answer.

Marian laughed. "So that is all you want, you ungrateful child! After all my comforting letters and my trouble in making father and mother bring me here and my climb to see you—I find that you don't want me at all—but Bob, my insignificant brother. No, I understand you, dear, and I won't tease you any longer. Bob couldn't get away to come with us at first—but we expect him tomorrow. And oh, Barbara, please make it 'Yes' this time, won't you? If you only knew how miserable poor Bob has been you would never have tortured him as you have done. But I can see that you have tortured yourself, too. And pardon me, but I think you deserved it. But I hope that now as you, yourself, realize your foolishness nothing will mar your happiness and Bob's. Hurry and get ready, Barbara, for I am going to take you with me to the hotel to-night. We'll come back to-morrow and get all of your possessions. Bob will be here then to help us. Hurry!"

And Barbara willingly obeyed Marian.

Needless to say Barbara and Bob were soon married and now both of them are helping their less fortunate fellowmen; and flowers are their best aids.

But little Jack and the other people of Norton will never forget "The Lady of Mt. Kramer" and her kindness to them after her own awakening.

RACHEL HARLEM.

THE BROKEN COMPACT.

"Billy."

Jim Boyle had the blues. Now when a man of Jim's usual optimistic temperament, who has plenty of money and friends, is visited by a case of the dumps, nine times out of ten there is just one cause—a woman. Jim was no exception to the rule. He was in love (in his estimation) with the dearest, sweetest little girl in the world, but not being satisfied with having fallen desperately in love, he had also lost her. No, she hadn't gone as a Red Cross nurse, or started to Europe on a ship that had been torpedoed, but nevertheless he had lost her. You see Jim had known Lillian Walker ever since they had been sent to the park with their watchful nurses who, when they met by chance, immediately became engrossed in the exhilarating pastime of gossiping, leaving Lillian and Jim to do as they pleased. Here as they played, they met big Matthew Johnson. He always had seemed big and clean no matter how dirty or tired. From the first Matt and Jim had been rivals and their opposition culminated in the desire to possess Lillian, which seemed rather to increase as they grew older. In school, if a question came up in class, one would champion, the other oppose. If there was somewhere to go, both wished to take Lillian, but she, like a good girl, played fair—first come, first served.

Jim had to work the first year after graduating from high school, but Matt went straight to college. When Jim came the next year there was war, one being a sophomore and the other a freshman.

Matt seemed always to get the best of the deal, yet through it all the two were the best of friends. Woe betide the boy that unjustly attacked one if the other was present. They would fight each other, or just as readily fight for each other, yet they were direct opposites and necessarily clashed.

When they left college they went into rival concerns, both as general manager of the sales department, and as war orders were paying propositions Jim and Matt were busy trying to cut each other out of business as well as in love.

Each boy had proposed to Lillian not more than twenty-five times but she had accepted neither and they had begun to get worried. Was there someone else? If not now, might there not be later? Something must be done. They could not see that either had the advantage, but Jim felt that if he could not win her himself, no one but Matt had a right to try. Matt felt the same way about Jim.

They finally decided upon a plan that would settle the chief difficulty. The allies had a large war order to be filled and Jim and Matt were both after that order, their firms needed it, so it was up to them to get it. They solemnly shook hands and pledged themselves that whoever got that order should be unrestricted in his efforts to win the girl.

As fate would have it (of course not the buyer) big Matthew Johnson got that order of all orders. Just how, Jim or no one else knew, but it was self-evident to him that he had lost the right to win Lillian and at present that was the one thing about which Jim was most concerned.

That had been a week ago and he had not seen Lillian for a whole week. The longer he stayed away the worse he felt. Jim had gone down to supper that evening as usual to his favorite table, ordered supper and had hardly tasted it and now sat looking gloomily at his plate, for he was not the happy boy of yore. What was she doing now? He played with his spoon, cursing everything, even Matt Johnson.

From behind him came the rustle of skirts and the sound of footfalls that seemed strangely familiar, then a hand was laid on his shoulder. At that moment he hated women in general. Jim turned and looked up into the eyes of Lillian Walker. Her voice came to his ears. (Was he dreaming?) He had noticed that she was blushing.

"Jim, dear, take me for a ride."

He had pledged himself and he sat silent.

"Please!"

"I can't," he answered miserably.

"Yes you can, Jim. Matt told me everything."

Jim Boyle rose slowly, took his hat, paid his bill and walked beside her to the street. There he hailed a taxi, helped Lillian in, followed her and then sat back with folded arms. He ordered the driver to go to Sixty-third Street.

"Jim," Lillian shook him, "listen. Matt Johnson proposed to me fifteen times in the last twelve days. I refused him every time and finally had to tell him why. Then he told me what you had done."

"Why?" asked Jim in a rather lifeless voice.

Lillian flushed again (of course Jim Boyle couldn't see) and her answer was somewhat irrelevant.

"You didn't have any right to give me up to anybody, Jim Boyle, not even to Matt Johnson."

Jim sat up. "Why?" he asked in a tense voice, "did you refuse Matt?"

"Because, Jim, I—loved—you."

Her arms went around his neck and the driver saw his arms were not folded across his chest as they had been a minute before.

Ten minutes later the driver's voice came back to them, "Where to, Sir?"

S. JETT WILLIAMS, '18.

EVEN UNTO BENU-ASAD.

It was a sweltering, almost unbearable day, and yet the streets of the capital city of the far-away eastern land of Benu-Asad had been thronged throughout the forenoon with the most learned men of the country. Now in the afternoon, they had filled the huge assembly room of the legislature building. Advancing to the speaker's platform, the president of the legislative body spoke thus.

"Gentlemen, it is indeed a pleasure to introduce to you our distinguished and learned fellow-citizen, Abdul Pasha Ali, who has just completed a tour of the United States of America. During this tour he has endeavored to find and to study the most complete system of high school education to be found in this land, so noted for its pre-eminence in education. He will now address us on the results of his endeavors. Gentlemen, Abdul Pasha Ali."

"Gentlemen," Abdul began, "I will be most brief in my talk to you this afternoon. I will waste no time, I will get straight to the core.

"I had traveled, after my arrival in the United States, for several months, and I confess that during that time I had been disappointed in what I had seen. I had visited the larger cities of the country and their systems of high school education had failed to come up to my ideal of a perfect system. During my tour I had often heard of the system used in a small city in the prosperous State of Indiana. This city was Mt. Vernon, a city of about six thousand inhabitants, and yet reports of the model conditions of its high school had reached me in the largest cities of the land. I resolved to visit this city and I am going to tell you the results of this particular visit.

"I arrived in the city of Mt. Vernon, Indiana, U. S. A., on the eighteenth of March, and the following morning entered the Assembly room of the High School.

"As I entered there was a twisting and a craning of necks as every student in the room stared at me with that 'what in the world is it?' look. This I could not consider impolite, as it only showed a polite and courteous interest in me, their guest.

"Immediately a crashing discord arose from the school grounds. I at first thought that it was not made by human voices, but when I walked to the window and looked out, I saw a group of boys endeavoring to serenade the Faculty with those two plaintive little ballads, 'Nero, My Dog Has Fleas,' and 'When You Drove a Buick'. They were evidently so interested in music that the practiced every opportunity they had. The principal seemed to be making out their music grades, as he recorded their names on a small slip of paper.

"Just then the bell rang and for fifteen minutes the students forgot all outside life and gazed fixedly at their books. The Principal explained to me, that due to their marvelous powers of concentration, students often learned their lessons for the entire day in this fifteen minutes.

"In the class rooms I was startled by the forcible manner in which a boy named Williams was explaining his ideas and by the lengthy words he used. In another room, I ran across a handsome youth by the name of Bill Ruminer, who was advancing his theories upon love and woman suffrage, in both of which subjects he seemed to have had a great deal of experience.

"In the Physics room I was amazed at the 'large' amount of apparatus. The teacher there assured me that we might be able to get along with less, so even if we are forced to economize, I recommend that we establish a department for the study of Physics.

"I was puzzled by the hatred between two students, a girl and a boy, who would not speak to each other, but passed slips of paper, instead, and fiercely

glared at each other as long as they were in sight. This was evidently contagious, as many other students, especially the smaller ones, were afflicted with the same ailment.'

"My attention was called to Albert Kaufman and Herbert Forthoffer, known as the Siamese twins, because of their similarity in matters of deportment.

"As I was passing through the hall I was halted by a tall, angular, sandy moustached gentleman with a broom in one hand, who informed me that in matters of cleanliness and arrangement of school property, he was the sole manager.

"While I was talking to him I heard loud voices from one of the rooms calling angrily 'We must fight!' I was alarmed but was assured it was only a Public Speaking Class in session.

"As I walked down Main Street at the close of the day I saw coming up the street a throng of students, led by a long-legged boy perched on the back of a shaggy little burro and followed by a band of eight pieces, a group of clowns and a wagon load of girls. The band was playing the school song, 'Pray for the Lights to Go Out.' This throng was advertising the basketball game and as I was informed, were known as 'hoodlums'. Gentlemen, I desire to impress strongly upon your minds the absolute necessity of providing for a band of 'hoodlums' in our school.

"At the basketball game that night I noticed the courteous manner in which a big raw-boned Irishman named Cowen, handled opposing players. He stepped in front of them, jumped above them, and in every way possible prevented their being hit by the speeding ball.

"Still, I didn't believe they appreciated the courtesy, for I heard a man who was standing at the side say, 'Keep your eye on that Irishman'. Another thing about the game puzzled me, for there was one little fellow whom they called a Toad, who seemed to arouse uneasiness in the minds of the players. For my part I should have feared some of the larger boys.

The following school day I was on hand early and noticed the many students promenading about the school. This 'exercise' seemed to have better results if taken by two students together instead of one, and still better results were attained if one student was a boy and the other a girl. This rule was followed invariably.

"As I came up the Assembly room steps, I saw two girls standing in front of the glass door, improving their appearance in every way possible. Moreover, they heartlessly kept two small boys, who desired a parting look at their pompadours, waiting for twenty minutes.

"A youth, whose middle name corresponded to the last name of the President of the United States, was pointed out to me. I readily saw the likeness between him and the President in looks and actions. Gentlemen, our posterity may have dealings with him.

"The Faculty had demanded that rag-time music be played at marching out time. This so enraged the students, who liked only the classical compositions, that there was danger of a riot for a time.

"Another feature of the school was the forcing of the Faculty to extend the school day into a conference period. So many students flocked to the conference room, that selection was resorted to. This was accomplished by the passing out of tickets to the 'select' few.

"A startling circumstance was the lowly and submissive attitude taken by the Freshmen and Sophomores toward the Seniors, whom they regarded almost with awe. They even esteemed it an honor to do their slightest bidding.

"I was informed by one of the teachers that Mondays and Fridays were the poorest days for scholarship. On Monday the students were filled with uncontrollable joy because they could go to school again; and on Friday they were overwhelmed with sorrow at the thought of being forced to remain away from school for two days.

"I learned from current reports that there were probabilities of a display platform being erected for students who on account of superior charms, were required by the authorities to promenade the Assembly room, a waste of energy that a platform would eliminate.

"I learned, also, that on a few of the report cards, blanks were left in the deportment columns, due to a shortage of ink, and that some students on account of their marvelous powers in certain subjects, received U's, meaning Unsurpassed.

"In an inspection of the class rooms. I found the following paraphernalia on the teacher's desks:

"In Miss Malone's room a book, 'Home Rule for the Irish'.

"In Mr. Sandefur's room, a handsome photograph of himself and Mr. Heimbarger, surrounded by 104 (one hundred and four) wild ducks, the result of one day's hunting trip.

"In Miss Hirschey's room, a book 'How to Look in All Directions at Once'.

"In Miss Dorsey's room, a book 'How to Control Trombone Players'.

"In Misses French and Prenzel's room, a cook book.

"In Miss Maurer's room I found three articles which puzzled me greatly for a time, as I could not understand their use in Public Speaking. A student informed me, however, that Mr. Maurer always impressed upon the students in Public Speaking, the necessity of a good appearance. He had made himself an example to them and for this reason a comb, brush and a bottle of peroxide hair tonic were found in his room, these articles being absolutely necessary in the care of a light, bristling pompadour.

"In Mr. Allen's room, a bunch of notes resurrected from the waste baskets.

"In Miss Shordon's room, a long list of special cases.

"In Mr. Stinnett's room, a gross of man'cure sets, which were given to students to use in class.

"On Miss Smith's desk, a box of Spearmint Gum, bearing this sign, 'Please get a fresh piece to chew in each of my classes. I have with me as a souvenir, a piece which she insisted I take, though she deprived a well set-up boy on the front row, of his daily piece. I am hoping he bore me no malice, as I detected a soldier's air in his bearing. For that reason I would counsel that we keep peace with the United States.

"I was much puzzled by a small machine in the Superintendent's office. Just before I departed, I was informed by the Office Clerk that this was the automatic vaccinating machine, which vaccinated the Superintendent every time he entered or left the office.

"In closing," Abdul Pasha Ali said, as he prepared to step from the platform. "I desire to leave with you two synonymous expressions: 'the greatest High School in the world' and 'M. V. H. S.'"

ORVAN R. HALL, Class of 1918.



SEWING ROOM.

The work in this department begins to show the effect of the previous work of the girls in sewing. The work is done more neatly and more independently than was formerly the case. This is the fourth year that sewing has been offered in the Senior High School and in the grades.

Some of the girls have taken sewing for four full years of their High School course. Dress making has been very common among the girls. A fine, large mirror has been added to the equipment of this department to aid the girls in fitting their dresses.



THE KITCHEN.

Some advance has been made in the cooking department of the Senior High School this year. Courses in Cooking I, II, III, IV, V, and VI are now offered. There is also a course offered in "Home Management" which is most helpful to the girls.

In the fall, when fruits and various vegetables are abundant, the girls can material for use during the remainder of the year. In this way, the work offered costs a minimum. The plan followed at all times is to make the work as practical as possible.



MANUAL TRAINING SHOP.

It is interesting to see the new attitude of the boys in Manual Training since they are given full choice in selecting the work to be done. Some fine pieces of furniture have been made this year.

The boys may plan the article to be made, make drawings, and go to the planing mill and buy the lumber. This gives him experience which will serve him well in later life.

Each boy must take at least one year of Manual Training before graduation. He may take as much as he chooses and as much as he has time for if he finds that he enjoys the work. The plan is to give all the boys a working knowledge of the common tools—their uses and their care.



COMMERCIAL ROOM.

As indicated above, this room is fully equipped with everything needed to make the work in the Commercial Branches effective. New desks were added last year and new typewriters were used this year.

The Gregg System of Shorthand is taught, and the students are required to take at least 100 words accurately per minute and transcribe them in record breaking time before they will be recommended for positions. The business men of the city choose graduates from our Commercial Department, usually, when needing stenographers or bookkeepers.



GLEE CLUB.

Top Row—Ruth Dexheimer, Anne Fullinwider, Mary E. Mackey, Louise Ashworth, Leona Rosenbaum, Miss Dorsey, director; Louise Leffel, Gladys Woodward, Mary Ruminer, Blanche Neff.

Second Row—Norma Wade, Olive Kincheloe, Emma Fullinwider, Eleanor Page, Josephine Kelly, Carmen Wade, Beulah Karnes, Mary Kuhn.

Third Row—Madeline Forthoffer, Beulah Rhodes, Elfreda Hironimum, Madge Oliver, Rachel Harlem, Eleanor Stevens, Lucile Haas.

Fourth Row—Charlotte Brinkman, Mary L. Fitton, Susie Sugg, Gertrude Luebermann, Lucile Stiker, Fern Leipold.

Bottom Row—Anna Alles, Mary Louise Black, Bertha Ashworth, Isabel Hovey, Esther Menzies, Mary E. Bateman, Helen Keck.



ORCHESTRA.

Director	Miss Dorsey
Piano	Mary Ruminer
Violins	Herdie Helmuth, Leona Rosenbaum, Susie Sugg
Cornets	Charles Ruminer, Oliver Seifert
Trombones	William Ruminer, S. Jett Williams
Drums	Tim Crunk



PUBLIC SPEAKING REPRESENTATIVES.

Fred Thomas	County Discussion, Quadrangle Oratorical
Allen Green	Quadrangle Reading
Prof. Wm. Maurer	Coach



ORATORY AND DISCUSSION.

From Left to Right—Fred Thomas, Oratory and Discussion; Beulah Walker, Oratory; S. Jett Williams, Oratory and Discussion; William W. Ridenour, Oratory.



ELOCUTION.

Back Row—Allen Green, William Ridenour, Beulah Walker, Mary Ruminer,
Elizabeth Clements, Leonard Davis.

Bottom Row—Gertrude Luebberman, Sarah Conlin.

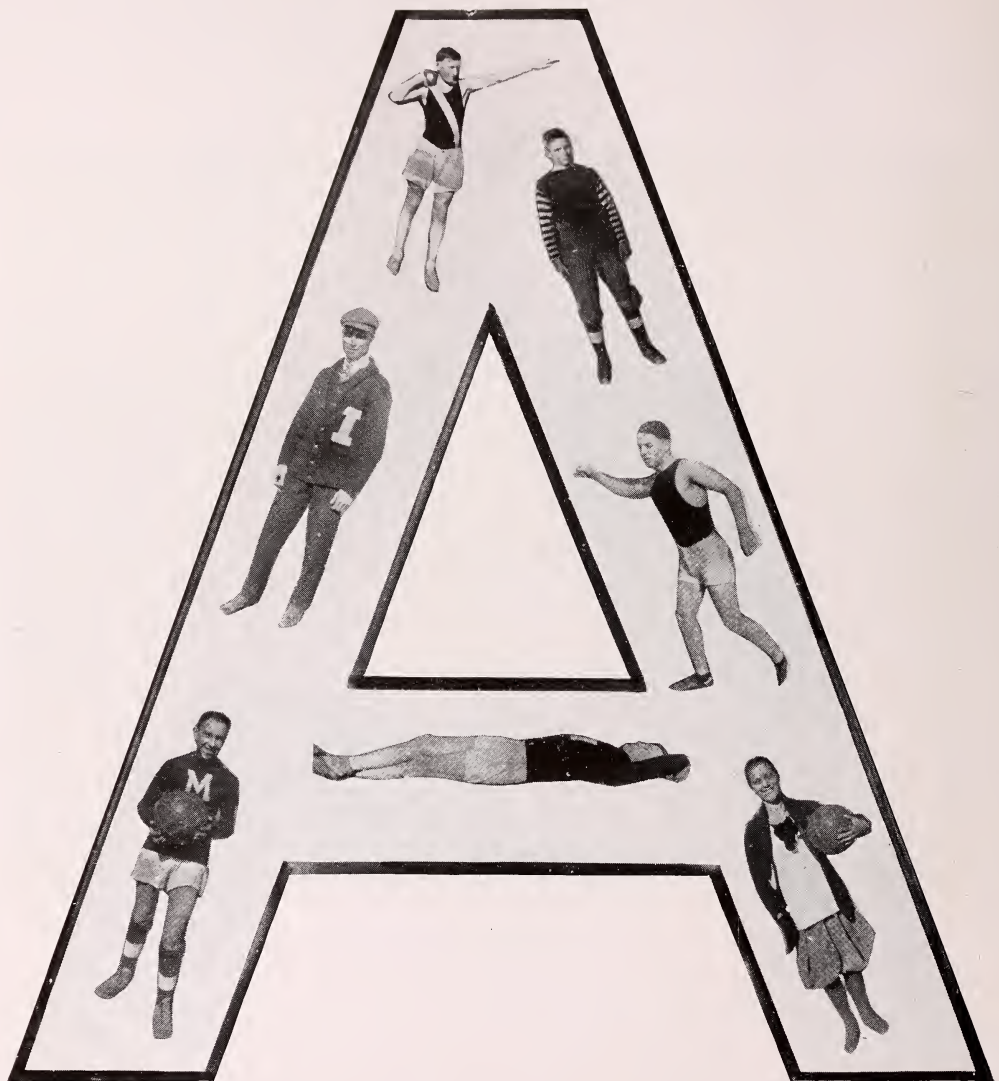


DEBATING.

Top Row—Chapman Utley, Dewey Byrd, Mr. Maurer, Coach; William W. Rid-
enour.

Middle Row—Fred Thomas, S. Jett Williams, William R. Ruminer.

Bottom Row—Paul Scherer, Roy Peerman, Henry Rethwisch.



Any one who runs may read
That Mt. Vernon takes the lead,
High schools everywhere the same
Loud their excellence proclaim.
Each one tries, like all the rest,
To convince us it is best
In indoor sports as on the track.
Cease the babbie; take it back;
Since Mt. Vernon leads the pack.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

Top Row—Rachel Harlem, Mary Louise Black, Sarah Conlin.

Third Row—Mildred Barrett, Gladys Woodward, Harriet Green, Mrs. C. E. Sandefur, Coach; Mary Ruminer, Charlotte Green, Marie Ludlow, Beulah Karnes.

Second Row—Dorothy Doerr, Mary E. Mackey, Elizabeth Clements, Madge Oliver, Leona Rosenbaum, Margaret Doerr.

Bottom Row—Elfreda Hironimus, Beulah Walker, Susie Sugg, Gertrude Luebermann, Helen Keck, Mary Ellen Bateman.

FOOTBALL 1916.

The football suad started training early in the season. The prospects for a strong team were not great, however before the close of the season a rather strong team was developed by Capt. Rethwisch and Coach Kuttler. The line-up of the team was:

Seifert	Left End
Grossman	Left Tackle
Kreie	Left Guard
Horste	Center
Helmuth	Right Guard
Schenk	Right Tackle
Reedle	Right End
Ridenour	Right Half Back
Rethwisch, Capt.	Quarter Back
Allen	Left Half Back
Cowen	Full Back

The following is a list of the games and scores of each:

Evansville	37	Mt. Vernon	0
Carmi	7	Mt. Vernon	0
Boonville	0	Mt. Vernon	13
Princeton	40	Mt. Vernon	14
Boonville	6	Mt. Vernon	0
Henderson	9	Mt. Vernon	0
Morganfield	6	Mt. Vernon	14
Alumni	0	Mt. Vernon	0

BASKETBALL 1917.

A large number of the boys reported when the call for basketball material was made. The squad chose Boyce as captain and started training in earnest. The last week of the season was slightly interrupted when Mr. Allen superseded Coach Kuttler.

The following is a record of the season's games and the score of each:

New Harmony	20	Mt. Vernon	24
New Harmony	41	Mt. Vernon	28
Princeton	42	Mt. Vernon	0
Newburg	20	Mt. Vernon	31
Cynthiana	18	Mt. Vernon	21
Cynthiana	11	Mt. Vernon	42
Princeton	31	Mt. Vernon	11
Newburg	30	Mt. Vernon	29
Sanborn	67	Mt. Vernon	13

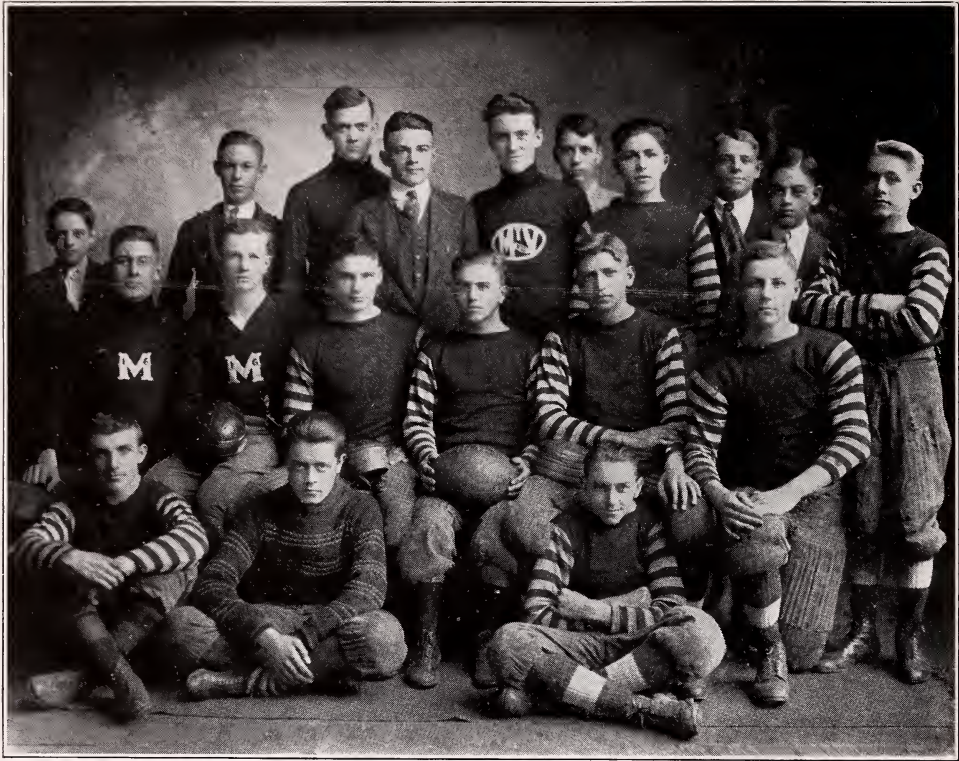
TRACK 1917.

Track practice was started as early as possible. After several weeks of practice Ridenour was chosen Captain and our first meet was held at Wadesville, in which Wadesville, Griffin and New Harmony were combined against Mt. Vernon in a dual track meet. The result was Mt. Vernon 62½, Wadesville, Griffin and New Harmony 36½. This proved to be a practice meet for our boys. The point winners were Capt. Ridenour, Rethwisch, Kaufmann, Ruminer, Allen, Ashworth, Williams, Reedle and C. Ruminer.



BOYS' BASKETBALL.

Top Row—Cowen, Schenk, F. E. Allen, Coach; Horste, Grossmann.
Second Row—Davis, Kreie, Boyce, Captain; C. Ruminer, Reedle.



FOOTBALL.

Back Row—Shelton, Conlin, W. Ruminer, C. A. Kuttler, Coach; Horste, Doerr, Grossmann, Miller, Harlem, Seifert.

Second Row—Kreie, Allen, Ridenour, Rethwisch, Captain; Helmuth, Schenk.

Bottom Row—Cowen, Luebberrmann, Reedle.



THE ALUMNI

1913.

Teachers: Fred Armbruster, Mary Miller, Dorothy Kreutzinger, Gladys Robison, Agnes Lamb, Bertha Alexander, Dewitt Alexander, William Allyn, Lewis Barton, Nell Bridges, Joseph Duckworth, John Duncan, James Monroe, Sylvanus Utley, Neva Vines, and Electia West.

In College: Kenneth Kiltz, and Carl Sanders are in Purdue University. Howard Breece and Lemuel Phillips are in the University of Illinois. Fred Clements is in Rush Medical College, Chicago.

In the Army: Malcolm Jones and Samuel Hadden. Georgia Alles is Assistant Librarian at Mt. Vernon. Agnes Blesch is bookkeeper at Stroud's Feed Store.

1914.

Teachers: Ruby Allyn, Aleen Calvert, Ivan Carson, Carlena Cowen, Wilhelmina Jeffries, Mary Kreie, Mary Wilsey, Fielden McFadden.

In College: Lucile Hardwick, Oxford, Ohio. Edith Highman, and Cullen Sugg, Indiana University. Thayne S. Williams, Harold Johnson, at Purdue. Albert Hermesen at Indiana University. Marcus Alldredge at University of Missouri.

In the Army: Richard Miller and Charles Zergiebel. Elwood Burlison is bookkeeper at Electric Light and Power Co., Mount Vernon. Louise Dexheimer is at the Empress Theater. Louie Blue is clerk at Rosenbaum's jewelry store. Grace Dixon is clerk at Niblo's. Clifford Maier is mechanical draftsman at Evansville Steam Shovel Works.

Married: William Edson, Clifford Merchanthouse, and Jessie Shierbaum. Lloyd Sugg is working at Seattle, Washington. Lola Tischendorf is stenographer at Jarodzki's.

1915.

Teachers: Dora Helm, Izora Ruminer, Phyllis Schierbaum, Nora David, Frank Grant.

In College: Edson Erwin, University of Chicago. William Handshoe, Ivan McFadden, Purdue.

In the Army: Boetticher Bailey, Ralph Bush, Doyle Hironimus, Philip Rowe. Agnes Bates, clerk at Hartung's. Henry Hanner, married, St. Louis. Nannie Jeffries, stenographer at Behrick's. Louise Mann, stenographer for Mr. James Blackburn. Florence Pfister, cashier at Rosenbaum's. Olga Seibert, stenographer for Mr. Behrens. Lola Walker, bookkeeper for McGregor & Philip's.

1916.

Teachers: Marguerite Albright, Lucile Ludlow, Gussie Sherertz, Lorena Wedeking, and Charles Hames.

In College: Indiana University, Louis Alles, Erwin Blackburn, Hildred Oliver, Florence Page, William Wilson, Claude Wilson. Indiana State Normal, Ruby Blackburn. Berea, Ohio, Freda Reis. Anna Jones, Manhattan Kansas. Ann Arbor, Michigan, Bob Keck.

Married: Betty Curry, Eva Highman. Kenneth Crunk, Mt. Vernon National Bank. Miriam Fuelling, Jarodzki's Office. Helen Hironimus, Office Clerk, Mt. Vernon High School. Bob Joest, Automobile Works, Connersville. Leona Russel, stenographer for Mr. Bex Trimble. Paul Welker, Erwin's Grocery. Louis Barter has joined the Navy.

The 1916 Class held its first reunion at the K. of P. Hall on Friday Evening, December 29, 1916, in the form of a banquet.

The large banqueting table in the center of the hall, beautifully decorated with mistletoe and scarlet and black ribbons, the class colors, was surrounded by thirty-six members of the graduating class and the instructors of that class. Clever place-cards, bearing a toast, directed each guest to his position at the table.

Either before the delicious spread of turkey and trimmings, or after the coffee, the following responded with toasts to the call of Toastmaster, Louis Hohstadt: Bob Joest, Helen Hironimus, Bob Keck, Lloyd Thompson, Hildred Oliver, Arnold Crowder.

Helen Daniel and Helen Shryock with vocal solos, and Arnold Crowder with a violin solo, favored the company. Speeches were made by Messrs. Llewellyn, Sandefur, Stinnet, Heimbürger, Miss Smith and Mrs. Sailor.

The evening was a success in every way and was drawn to a close very impressively by the well loved song America.



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL SECTION.



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL.

"THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL."

I. Purpose.

In order to give better service to the community, the schools of Mt. Vernon have been reorganized on the six-three-three plan. By giving greater elective privileges, similar to those which have been given in the regular high school for several years past, it was the purpose of the school management to eliminate the large number of pupils who become discouraged and leave school in the seventh and eighth grades or at the end of the eighth grade.

II. Plan of Organization.

The junior high school, composed of Grades VII, VIII, and IX, has been assigned to the upper floor and the basement of the new Central School Building. In this building a large assembly room and eleven classrooms, besides the necessary offices, etc., are devoted to this work.

In the seventh grade no electives are allowed, with the exception of the industrial work (manual training, agriculture, sewing, cooking, music, and drawing). However, the pupils are told that, if they make a grade of 90 per cent or more on the average in Grades VIIIB and VIIA, they will be allowed to elect other subjects. The course of study is being so organized in the seventh grade in English, in arithmetic, and in history, that all of the essentials in these subjects are covered when the pupil has completed Grade VIIA. As soon as any pupil has made an average, for two succeeding semesters, of 90 per cent or more in either one or all of the subjects indicated, he is allowed to elect Latin or German, algebra or industrial history, in the next succeeding half-year, provided that it is the wish of his parents that he do so.

In the ninth grade, the regular high-school subjects are offered with the usual elective privileges.

III. Results.

The results obtained since the reorganization of the school system as indicated above are very satisfactory. The new stimulus for study and attendance supplied by this scheme is very effective.

The pupils from Grades VIIIB and VIIA who are permitted to take the high-school subjects seldom fail to make the high-school credit.

This system of organization has taken care of the slow pupil, and, what is more important, probably, it has made a way for the bright pupil to forge ahead and to receive a proper amount of recognition for so doing. Owing to the fact that the eighth-grade pupils who succeed in making the minimum grade go into the classes with the regular ninth-grade pupils, no additional teaching force is necessary to handle the school under this plan of reorganization.

IV. Conclusions.

There is no possible doubt that some form of reorganization in our school system is necessary if the public schools of our country are to serve the best interest of all the people. By some scheme or other, the break must come earlier in the course than formerly. The logical place for this break seems to be between Grades VI and VII, so far as our present knowledge of the situation goes. It is immaterial whether the six-three-three plan or the six-six plan is used. For Mt. Vernon, the convenience of our buildings seems to favor the six-three-three plan, as indicated above. Each community will have to solve this problem in the manner best fitted to serve the interests of all its people. In this matter of reorganization, as in all other school affairs, what will serve the needs of one community may not serve the needs of any other community.

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS.



M. L. Denbo, Principal, History.
Student, Indiana State Normal School.



Margaret M. Yunker, Geography, Latin, and English.
Graduate, Indiana State Normal School.



Juliette F. Schisley, English and History.
Student, Indiana State Normal School and Chicago Normal.



Raymond A. Johnson, Science, Algebra, and History.

Student, Indiana State Normal School.



Mary Rifener, Arithmetic.

Student, Indiana State Normal School.



Nona Noel, Substitute Teacher.

Graduate, Indiana State Normal School. (College Course.)

NOTE:—

The following teachers whose names appear with the Senior High School Faculty teach half of the time in the Junior High School: William Maurer, May Dorsey, J. Guy Heimburger, Georgia Lee French, and Dora Prenzel.



GROUP OF NINTH GRADE STUDENTS.

Top Row (left to right)—Ezra Walker, Henrietta Fuelling, Margaret Cooper, Corrinne Royster, Emma Curry, Louise Tolliver, Mary Jones.

Second Row—David Culley, Hazel Burlison, Nellie Milton, Flora Davis, Emily Boyce, Helen Duncan, Ralph Perry.

Third Row—Lillie Dale Kreie, Beatrice Grossmann, Kathleen Royster, Gladys Topper, Mattie Belle Jones, Ruth Robison.

Bottom Row—Charles Lawrence, Teddy Gill, Louis Ashworth, Walter Kemper, Frederick Hagemann, Joe Morehead.



CORRIDOR AT JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL.



MANUAL TRAINING SHOP.

At the Junior High School, the boys have the beginnings of Manual Training. They must take at least one Semester of Manual Training before going to the Senior High School, and he may take as much more as he chooses.

The shop is thoroughly equipped with work benches, vises, and all kinds of tools for the beginnings of this work. The articles made in this shop are simpler than those made in the Senior High School shop, however all articles are useful and give the boys experience in the use of tools.

There are benches and vises for more than thirty boys in one class in this shop and there is room for more. It would be difficult to find a better arranged room for Manual Training in any school building than is this room.



THE KITCHEN.

The Cooking Room at the Junior High School is a credit to the entire school system. The furniture for the room was all made to order by a local cabinet maker, and the painting was done in the room after the furniture had been delivered. The stools, tables, and cabinet are finished in white enamel which, together with the beautiful porcelain sink and laboratory, gives the room a clean and wholesome appearance.

The girls of this school have made splendid progress in this subject and many homes are already beginning to reap benefits from this new departure. The work in this room was begun at the opening of the second Semester. About fifty girls from grades seven, eight, and nine, regardless of home conditions, have been helped already.



SEWING ROOM.

The sewing room at the Junior High School has been fully equipped with sewing machines, tables, shelves, and everything needed to make the work a success.

Since the organization of the Junior High School, a decided improvement can be noticed in the work of the girls in the seventh and eighth grades. They have better equipment than formerly and they have longer periods for work.

VOCATIONAL EDUCATION.

a. Vocational Education Defined.

Vocational education as provided in the Indiana Law may be defined as that form of education whose controlling purpose is to fit for useful and efficient service in the shop, in the home and on the farm, given only to persons who have already indicated their intention to enter such employment, or who are already engaged therein, and who wish to increase their efficiency in their chosen occupation.

b. Agricultural Education: Vocational education in agriculture contemplates the training of boys and men for efficient service on the farm and is defined by the law as "That form of vocational education which fits for the occupations connected with the tillage of the soil, the care of domestic animals, forestry and other wage earning or productive work on the farm."

c. "Domestic Science" Education is defined by the law as "that form of vocational education which fits for the occupations connected with the household." Since the dominant aim of vocational education is to prepare for useful and efficient service in some field of profitable employment, the kind of training in domestic science for which state aid can be given is that which prepares girls and young women specifically for more efficient and profitable service, either as a manager of a household, an assistant in the household, or waitress or cook or any other occupation connected with the household, whether this service be rendered in their own or in the home or shop of another.

d. Vocational Work in Mount Vernon.

For the first time in the history of the Mount Vernon School system, Vocational Work is to be taken up by the pupils of the Senior and Junior High Schools during the summer vacation. For the work begun and completed satisfactorily to Mr. T. S. McCullough, County Agricultural Agent, and to the authorities of Purdue University, High School credit will be given.

Some of the pupils have signed up for work in various clubs as follows: Garden, Garden and Canning, Poultry Raising, Chicken Hatching, Sewing, Canning, Bread Baking, Cake Baking, Dress Making, Potato, Corn, Pig and others. For the students who have signed up in either of the above clubs, directions are sent out by Purdue University, through Mr. McCulloch, and when the work starts. Mr. McCulloch, professional men and women from Purdue University, Prof. Louis B. Stinnett and others will visit the various students who have taken up this work at various times through the summer months, giving encouragement and suggestions wherever possible.

The amount of credit to be given in school will be determined by the amount of work really accomplished by the individual student.

About fifty students have indicated that they would want to take up this work during the summer. It is probable that more of the students will want to enlist at the beginning of the vacation.

County Supt. G. Edward Behrens is in full sympathy with this movement in the entire county and always gives encouragement to students who are interested.



Peaches



Lemons.



Greens.



"Pairs."



We Met 'em.



We're Going to College.



Votes for Women.



Hold it! I Got Ye!



I Use this Kind of Pony.



I've Been Vaccinated



??!!



The Class Ratio.



Where There Are Wills
There Are "Ways".



Raised on the Farm.



The Inexpressible Expressed



The Vigilance Committee.



A Kicker



Romeo and Juliet



Blowing His own Horn



A Neutral

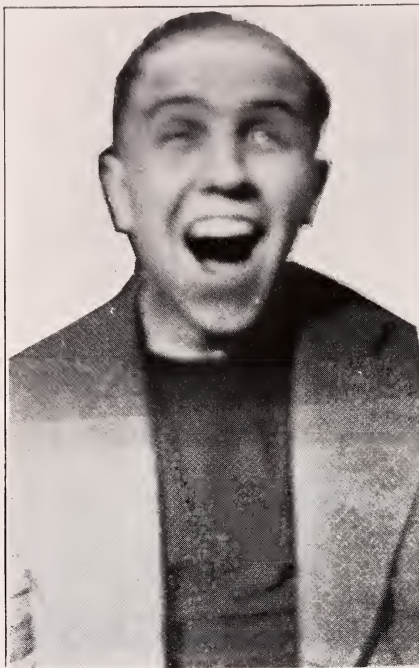


"Variety is the
Spice of Life"



A Rare Bird

SEE ALL OUR JOKES AND THE LIKE!



Mr. Stinnet (in Physics)—Who made the first nitride?
Albert Kaufman—Paul Revere.

—o—
Heine—After the war there will be no new plants.
Bill Dausman—Why not?
Heine—There will be no Germanation.

—o—
Mr. Maurer (in Elocution)—Allen, define elocution.
Allen—Elocution is the way they kill people in some states.

—o—
Bill—I cannot express to you my gratitude for giving me the first dance last evening.

Mary S.—Well, you see, it was a charity ball.

—o—
Fred Thomas—Good heavens! the clock just struck one and I promised your mother I'd leave at twelve.

Margaret Holton—Good! We've eleven hours yet.

—o—
Jett Williams—Doctor, I want something for my head.
Dr.—My dear fellow, I wouldn't take it for a gift.
Note—What he really needed was something for his heart.

—o—
Heard in Physics II during the study of electricity.

Mr. Stinnett—Boys wire you insulate?

Heine—I Leyden in bed.

Mr. Stinnett—Watt was the matter with you, William?

Wm. Ridenour—I was afraid I'd meter.

Mr. S.—Why should you fear?

Wm.—Well, yesterday I rotor I couldn't come to town.

Orvan H.—Snocking! They should both be sent ohm.

A wodgecker lit on a freshman's head,
And started away to drill;
He drilled away for half a day,
And then he broke his bill.—Ex.

—o—
In Agronomy—Mr. Stinnett—"Owen, name three things containing starch."

Owen—"Two cuffs and a collar."

—o—
Miss Malone (in H. S. G.)—"Arnolus, tell what you know of the Mongolian race."

Arnolus—"I wasn't there," answered Toad. "I went to the ball game."

—o—
(In Mr. Stinnett's Bot. II class.)

Mr. Stinnett—Isabell, where would you look to find whether a plant was a monocotyledon or a dictotyledon.

Isabell—Look in the index, I suppose.

—o—
Arthur Eherhart—Say, kid, have you got a minute to spare.

Ira Perkins—Sure.

Arthur—Well, tell me all you know.

—o—
Nick Cowen—Oh! I was so tired last night when I got home, the first thing I did was to eat my breakfast.

—o—
Miss Malone in H. S. Geography—What is the highest type of animal life?

Frederick—The giraffe.

—o—
Wm. Monroe at foot of back stairs—What do they keep in that little box?

Mr. Stinnett—Electric switches.

Wm.—Well, I'm going back to the country if that is the case.

—o—
Miss Smith—Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address, Sidney?

Sidney—I thought he lived at the White House.

—o—
Miss French—What is the matter with this pie-crust? It doesn't half cover the pie.

Aleen—The recipe says make the crust very short.

—o—
Mr. Sandefur—How many fish did you catch, Walter?

Walter C.—Oh, I couldn't count 'em.

Mr. S.—Somebody told me you didn't catch any.

Walter—That's why I couldn't count 'em.

—o—
Mr. Stinnett—What are the chief properties of heat?

Wm. R.—Heat causes bodies to expand, while cold causes them to contract.

Mr. S.—Excellent. Give an example.

Wm.—In summer, when it is hot, the day is long; in winter, when it is cold, the day is short.

—o—
Henry Chambers claims to be perfectly frank. He says his life is an open book.

He shouldn't say book, suggested Miss Hirschy. He should say fiction magazine.

—o—
Silently, one by one in the infinite note books of teachers,

Blossomed the little u's the for-get-me-nots of the students.—Longfellow.

A word on the cuff is worth two in the book.—Abe Martin.

—o—

Orvan Hall in History IV—If a man is a fool and knows he is a fool, he is not a fool.

—o—

Owen conjugating love in the potential mode, passive voice. First person singular, I may be loved.

Nellie Son (in a stage whisper)—Possible, but not very likely.

—o—

Lucille—Lionel, is your hair naturally curly?

Lionel—I don't know, it's always been that way.

—o—

Margaret reading at sight in German VIII.—I don't know the next word ('affe').

Miss Hirschy—It looks like a man.

Margaret—Oh, do you mean donkey?

—o—

Mr. Stinnett (in ancient history)—Aline, what is the title given to English noblemen?

Aline—Sir?

Mr. S.—That's right.

—o—

Miss Shordon—Translate "Rex fugit.

Helen Gregory—The king flees.

Miss S.—Rex fugabat.

Helen—The king has flees.

—o—

Miss Hirschy—Translate, "I have a donkey at home."

Stella—Ich bin ein ezel zu hause.

—o—

Allen Green—I don't know what to read for outside reading this period.

Miss Smith—Have you read The Kentucky Cardinal?

Allen—I don't like theological works.

Miss S.—But this cardinal was a bird.

Allen—That may be, but that wouldn't recommend him to me.

—o—

"Luv is like the measles, we kant alwas tell when we ketched it, and ain't apt tew have it severe but onst, and then it ain't kounted mutch unless it strikes inly."

—o—

On the Sick List.

Oliver Seifert and Harriet Green.

Wm. W. Ridenour and Fern Leipold.

Lionel Allen and Lucile Hempfling.

Jett Williams and Josephine Kelly.

Esther Menzies and Thomas Boyce.

Tim Crunk and Ruth Dexheimer.

Clarence Schenk and Susie Sugg.

Fatal Case.

Malcolm LaDuke and Marjorie Bailey.

DOT CLASS OF '17.

Vy dot class it was great
Ve had fifty-two,
In dot class, and for fate,
Ve t'ought dot would do.

Four years vat ve struggled,
Von year vas we fresh,
And den was we rugged,
Befre come der crash.

For next was ve Juniors
We t'ot dot vas great
But ven we vas Seniors
We counted the dates.

For next vas Commencement
Oh my, vat a day,
For our hearts dey was troublesd
More dan we could say.

We marched up de long aisle
Dat night, chust at eight.
We vas scared bis the sweat bile
Like a furnace did hate.

The man who vas spakin'
He stood up in front
Und our hearts, they quit quackin'
Und chumpin' for vonce.

Dor Mann, vot he told us
Ach Himmel, 'twas great,
He told vat our Lives vas
Und ver dey vas lait.

He said ve must work
Und he said ve must blay,
Und den in de end
We'd be great men some day.

Well, now it's all over,
Py coolly, I'm glad,
Und yet I did never
Yet feel quite so sad.

So goot pyc to old High School,
For you vill I miss,
Und I'll always remember
Dot you mine friens iss.

MAE MOORE.

HIGH SCHOOL SONG FAVORITES.

The Dawn of a Perfect Day	8:40 A. M.
She's the Sunshine of Virginia	Dorothy Johnson
Waltz Me Around Again, Willie	William Ridenour
Soldier's Farewell	Norma Wade
Good-bye, Girls, I'm Through	William Ruminer
Turn Back the Universe	Anna Alles
The Lost Chord	William Dausman
Where is My Heart?	Gladys Rosenbaum
Along Came Ruth	Tim D. Crunk
Naughty! Naughty! Naughty	Stella Pfister
Hark! I Hear a Voice	Henry Rethwisch
Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose	Jamia Bailey
Storyland	Margaret Doerr
Sweetheart Times	Mary Stinson
Poor Butterfly	Margaret Holton
Fluffy Ruffles	Aloise Blockley
There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl	Anne Fullinwider
Hawaiian Sunshine	Jessie Weir
They Wouldn't Believe Me	Myrtle Green
There's a Little Bit of Monkey in Us All	We Seniors
I'm Looking for Someone's Heart	Bertha Welborn
It's Not Your National'ty, It's You	Arthur Ehrhardt
Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes	Roscoe Bayer
Abide With Me	Conference
Dearest Mae	Mae Moore
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	Mr. Stinnett
The Cry of Rachel	Rachel Harlem
Why Did You Make Me Love You?	Nell York
I'm a Lonesome Melody	Dewey Byrd
There's a Little Spark of Love Still Burning	Miss Dorsey
Somewhere a Voice is Calling	Ruth Schultheis
Oh, Joe With Your Fiddle and Bow	Herdie Helmuth
The Dearest Spot on Earth	M. V. H. S.
I Love the Ladies	Arnolus Reedle
The Flowers Are Calling Sweetheart	Mary Louise Black
I've Got the Muncie Blues	Mr. Allen
Who Knows?	The Faculty
Baby Mine	Allen Green
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still	Myra Walker
Somebody Knows!	Miss Smith
Good-bye Everybody	Seniors' Farewell
There's a Quaker Down in Quaker Town	Gertrude Luebberrmann
To Have, To Hold, To Love	Department Grade
Come Back to Erin	Miss Malone
Cradle Song	The Freshies
Angelic Songs Are Swelling	Glee Club
Break! Break! Break!	In the Kitchen
Beautiful Bells	Sweet Girl Graduates

When I Left the World BehindMr. Kuttler
The Star Spangled BannerOur National Anthem
I'm Nothing But a Big Wax DollEunice Caborn
O Promise MeGreen Carpet Favorite
Find Me a GirlWilliam Ruminer
We'll Always Be the Same SweetheartsDuet by Ruth and Tim
It Looks Like a Big Night To-nightCommencement
Powder RagNorma Wade
Mop RagMr. Burlison
Gravel RagSome of the Boys
When You Are in Wrong With the Right GirlDoc Barrett

HIGH SCHOOL DICTIONARY.

A.

Ability—A minus quantity after the class of '17 graduates.
Abnormal—Lionel Allen's vanity.
Abominable—Small-pox scares.
Annual—The work of our hearts and hands (and heads).
Angels—(See Seniors).

B.

Babble—Sounds heard everywhere.
Baby—Our Senior joker.
Backbone—A prerequisite for bluffing.
Bright—Answers in High School Geography class.

C.

Chaos—The condition of one's mind during a test.
Charm—Characteristic of the Senior girls.
Clown—Nick Cowen.
Conference—The end of a perfect day.
Curiosity—Common trait of the faculty.

D.

Dearest—The common salutation in H. S. missives.
Diploma—Reward for twelve years' work.
Duty—The watchword of all students. (?)

E.

Economy—What we promise to practice.
Education—Stock in trade at S. H. S.
Elective—What some use to make their credits.
Equestrian—The owner of a pony.
Eraser—The pet of typewriting classes.

F.

Filibuster—(See Ruth Coke).
Fit—Usually had when tests are announced or note books unexpectedly called for.
Flunk—A degree of success leading to an encore.
Freshman—Uncultured, untutored, uneducated, but necessary frequenter of High School.

G.

Glee—Expressed by the Glee Club.
Graceful—Mr. Maurer's walk.
Grade—Difference of opinion between faculty and students.

H.

Ha, ha.—(See Peanuts Conlin).
Hat—Product of Sewing XIV.
Hiss—The forerunner of a note.

I.

Improvise—Commonly practised by Seniors.
Innocent—An obsolete word.

J.

Janitor—The hardest worked person at S. H. S.
Junk—All extra notes and waste paper.
Justice—Something applied for but not received.

K.

Kindergarten—(See Freshman classes).

L.

Lazy—What we never are.
Laughter—What makes us fat.
Leap-frog—"Toad" Reedle.

M.

Marbles—Winged things in the assembly.
Mirage—Department grades.
Model—Sophomore English.

N.

Nagging—What teachers do.
News—Found in notes.

O.

Obstacle—What Seniors have overcome.
Obvious—Brightness of Seniors.

P.

Patch—See Bill Ridenour's track trousers.
Pep—Heine's chief characteristic.
Peace—One thing the faculty does not know.

Q.

Quarantine—Ask Jamia Bailey or Beulah Rhodes.
Quiz—A loathsome thing.

R.

Recitation—Where we tell what we don't know.
Revival of Learning—Examination week.
Romance—Commonly seen at M. V. H. S.

S.

Sleep—Something not to be done in school.
Sorrow—Emotion shown at our departure.

T.

Tall—A noticeable characteristic of certain Seniors.
Teach—What the teachers fain would do.
Team—Something of which we are proud.
Test—(See Flunk).

U.

U—See report cards—then the faculty.
Unravel—What we do to knotty problems.

V.

Victorious—Seniors.

Vocabulary—Jett William's pet possession.

W.

Wrong—Favorite expression of faculty.

Wink—Kind of wireless telegraphy.

Wrist-watch—A watch commonly worn on the wrists of girls. Consult Jett Williams.

X.

X—A symbol that stands for many things.

Y.

Yawn—An expression of interest.

Yell—Hear Heine.

Z.

Zero—Often seen in record books.

FAVORITE OCCUPATIONS.

Dewey Bydr—Lineman for the wireless.

Ruth Dexheimer—Cultivating "Timothy".

Mary Stinson—Making "Johnny" cakes.

Elfreda Frick—Cooking on a mountain range.

Arthur Ehrhardt—Extracting the teeth of the wind.

Bill Ridenour—Cultivating the "Fern".

Margaret Holton—Roasting "Peanuts".

Miss Malone—Studying "French".

Allen Coker—Swimming instructor to a school of fish.

Roscoe Bayer—Looking for "Greens".

Edward Esche—Stoker for a fireless cooker.

Mary Ina Ludlow—Sewing buttons on a coat of paint.

Morris Barrett—Playing on heart strings.

Allen Green—Making shoes for the foot of the mountain.

What is the favorite occupation of Mary Louise Black, Jessie Weir, and Nellie Son?

I don't know, but Mary Louise's favorite periodical is "The Modern **Miller**". Jessie's is "The Country **Gentleman**", and Nellie's is "The Woman's World".

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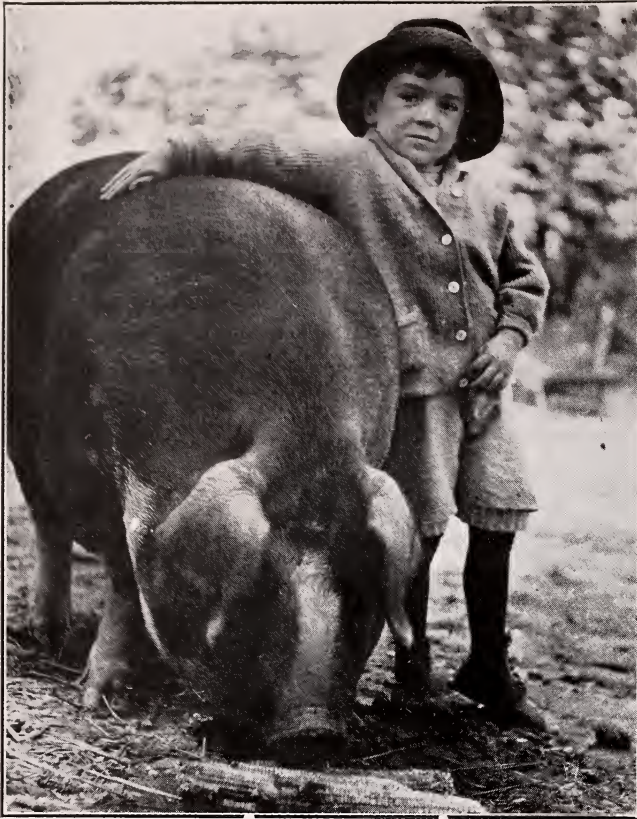
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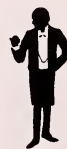
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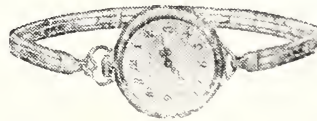
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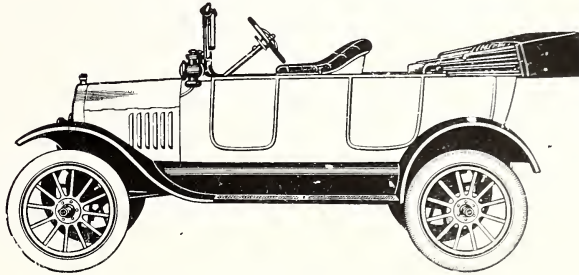
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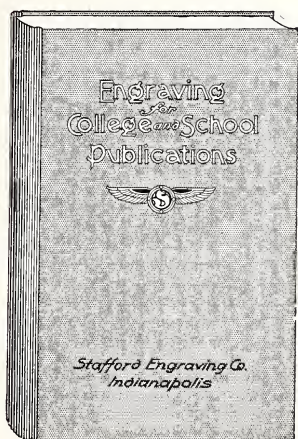
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